JOHN BULL, week ending September 25, 1943

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIV. 1945

3D EVERY THURSDAY

TOO BIG BUSINESS!
by The EDITOR

SWAFFER SAYS: 'LEARN FROM THE WAR...'

THE CLOSING RING
by A.G.G.

To see her grow in health is a matter of pride as well as joy for Mum, for she knows that her thoughtful care in the home has a lot to do with that. With her it has always been Lifebuoy for home cleaning, to make sure she clears away both the dirt and the germs in the dirt, to make sure the home is as safe as she can make it for health.

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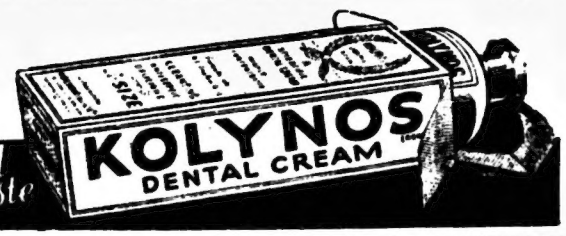

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FOOD FACTS

A perfect Omelette in 2½ minutes!

1 (Quantities for 2 people.) Two level tablesp. dried eggs, salt and pepper, 4 tablesp. water, ½ oz. cooking fat. Add salt and pepper to eggs, then half the water, and mix to a smooth paste. (Don't mix dried eggs with water till you are ready to use them.)

2 When all lumps have disappeared, add rest of water gradually. When all the water has been added, beat well. (In dried eggs the white and yolk are blended together so that if you reconstitute them properly, you are able to get the same even mixture every time.)

3 Meanwhile have the cooking fat heating in the frying pan. Let it heat until it starts to smoke. It is important that the pan and fat should be very hot — "smoking" hot. Pour the egg quickly into the frying pan. As it cooks, lift the edges gently with a fork, allowing the . . .

4 . . . liquid egg to run under, until all of it is "set." This should take from 1 to 1½ minutes. Don't *overcook* it; the minute it's all set it's ready to lift out. If you want to add grated cheese or chopped cooked vegetables, do it now — but the omelette tastes delicious plain!

5 Fold over omelette, *away from the handle of the pan*, so that it rolls over on to the plate — a *hot* plate, remember! Made this way, an omelette has the real "new-laid" flavour, for dried eggs are best new-laid shell eggs, dried and packeted when they're absolutely fresh.

6 Serve an omelette made this way as a main dish for supper, with potatoes and another vegetable. Don't forget, dried eggs have exactly the same food value as shell eggs — that is, they're a protein food and should be used to supplement any shortage of meat, fish or cheese.

YOU ARE ALLOWED 1 PACKET OF DRIED EGGS PER RATION BOOK EVERY 4 WEEKS (2 FOR GREEN BOOKS)

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What's this? Blimey! They must be making an issue of FOUR SQUARE That's the only baccy that suits all ranks and tastes, seeing it's made in 6 different blends, and has no artificial scent or flavouring. Make out an indent, Jones. Here's the list.

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, September 25, 1943, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

BIG NEWS AHEAD

TREMENDOUS developments in the world-war situation are now afoot and the grand strategy of the United Nations is rapidly unfolding.

The German General Staff was quick to recognise the Adriatic as "the probable nerve centre of the war," but the Allies prefer to leave all guessing to the enemy nowadays.

Enterprising Work

Our staff work is sometimes underrated. We knew weeks ago, however, that senior Allied officers were visiting Yugoslav leaders. And soon afterwards Split was in partisan hands.

Moreover, Greek airmen have been told by their Minister that their next objective will be Greece itself.

Thousand a Day

Certainly no move would give greater satisfaction to our own people than the liberation of our subjugated Greek friends, a thousand of whom are dying daily from starvation.

Our choice of target, however, must be guided by strategic rather than sentimental considerations.

Nor will action be confined to the Southern Front.

In the West

Our bombing campaign in the West is not over.

It was suspended owing to electrical storms. In the darkening nights it is due to reach a culminating peak of dreadful intensity.

Surprises

Yet because our technicians have not been idle in "the lull," because of the unremitting search for new methods of attack and new devices, we may hope that our greater operations will not necessarily result in greater losses.

Sir Arthur Harris has given the German defences several surprises. There is no reason to think that his ingenuity has been exhausted.

We Were Slow

But in Italy it is we who have been unpleasantly jolted. Let's make no bones about that.

Undoubtedly we shall attain our goal in that theatre of conflict. Yet we came near to sacrificing it—and certainly we made the conflict far more bitter than it need have been—by the incomprehensible failure to act promptly after Mussolini's downfall.

Forty Days

Forty days elapsed before we attacked.

Allowing for all the difficulties of transporting our forces, it may be doubted whether our main enemy would have taken quite so long in similar circumstances.

Remember that the Germans went into Crete within fourteen days—not forty—after their conquest of the Greek mainland! And that's a fair comparison.

Three Points

We should not have allowed the pro-Allied industrial areas of Milan, Turin and Genoa to fall into German hands. With our vast naval power, we could surely have prevented the disarming of Italian troops in Rhodes. We should have made sure of Il Duce, whose release has proved such a godsend to Nazi propaganda.

Mussolini's Health

Not that we need fear much from Mussolini. He is sick in mind as well as body—which probably explains why there was such a delay in bringing him to the microphone. In any case, his antics will have little or no bearing on the war.

Need for Speed

To criticise our High Command is not to carp. It serves a useful purpose in emphasising the advice so often urged in these columns—the need for speed in developing our opportunities.

In the last war, it was the enemy who stuck rigidly to plan and ourselves who triumphantly improvised.

Salerno has been the latest proof in this war that we shall incur heavy losses if we make Opportunity wait upon a timetable.

The Big Stick

Germany counts her part of the cost as well worth while. She has chosen Italy as a battleground not only to buy time but to intimidate her wavering allies: Hungary, Bulgaria, Rumania.

See what will happen to your towns, she warns them, if you dare to treat with the United Nations!

Spain Smiles

That, of course, is only a short-term view. The long-term prospects are clear enough to every country on whose support Hitler once counted.

Spain is a case in point. She is by no means anti-British now!

Through the Net

Now look beyond Europe. It is disturbing to read that German ships are regularly running the Allied blockade to the Far East.

But bigger disturbances are due in that area.

We have amassed great forces and vast supplies in India. High officers argue publicly that the time to use them is *now*.

Next Year

It seems probable that we shall use some of them, at the monsoon's end, in a campaign to free Burma. That will be but a beginning.

By the middle of next year, if all goes well, we should be able to switch the bulk of our weight from Europe to the Far East. Japan's "Rising Sun" will set in a blood-red sky.

Tanks for Defence

Meanwhile, Russia remains the greatest battlefield.

All her recent successes confirm what was written in JOHN BULL weeks ago—that there is no sign of a German withdrawal. Instead, the enemy is fighting desperately for every yard, and steadily but rapidly being *forced* back.

Split Hope

To stave off decisive defeat, Germany has but one hope which she is striving by every possible means to convert into fact: A split between the Allies

And the surest way to make it a forlorn hope is for the United Nations to agree upon a united strategy.

Give-and-Take

British admiration for our Russian comrades-in-arms is unstinted. Both the Americans and ourselves proclaim (rather than grudgingly admit) that the Russians have borne by far the heaviest brunt of the land fighting.

We sympathise with their demands for a Second Front. But in fairness to ourselves we must point out that, though we have yet to open a Western Front, our operations in the south have already drawn from Hitler's strategic reserves some seventy divisions which otherwise would have been available for the Eastern Front.

Something to Talk About

It is our job to convince the Russians that we have not been mere spectators. It is no use merely regretting their lack of appreciation for the enormous strain we have withstood in the air and on sea—and our not inconsiderable gains on land as well.

To understand each other's point of view and thus to frame the most effective plan for action, it's necessary to get together to hammer out our joint problems.

Next Month

Unfortunately, it seems unlikely that Stalin will be able to meet Roosevelt and Churchill in the near future. But a conference between their representatives should take place within the next month.

Mr. Eden is willing to go anywhere for the purpose. That is well known. What is not yet known is whether Mr. Cordell Hull can attend as America's spokesman.

Rising Again

Moreover, there is uncertainty in Britain's home affairs.

Mr. Churchill returns to find a growing impatience with his Government's habit of shuffling and evasion.

Has Parliament been asked to take yet another holiday so that it will not be able to put further awkward posers?

Waiting Action

There are plenty to ask. Falling coal production. Man-power muddles. Housing.

Those are but a few subjects which invite decision. Fresh trouble looms over the Trades Disputes Act; Labour and the T.U.C. will compromise no more on this issue but will fight for amending legislatio-

Towards the Future

Social reforms for the peace similarly need decision before the war ends.

The Uthwatt Report has been shelved. So, too, with the Beveridge, Scott and Barlow schemes. And the dead hand of the Treasury has crushed the proposal for family allowances.

On the Carpet

The Government will not be able to by-pass these vast and vital targets merely by asking M.P.s to run away and play.

We predict that, unless affairs both of war and peace are handled in future with fewer delays, our Ministers will find M.P.s less manageable.

(Continued overleaf)

FROZEN ASSETS

● Four years after the outbreak of war we have discovered one of the chief reasons for Hitler's early successes.

From 193 to 1938 he had experts going through the patent files for generations past examining the possible value in war time of every scientific idea which had been granted protection.

In particular, they rooted out the patents which had been bought up by industry not to exploit but to pigeon-hole—so that no rival industrial organisation could make use of them.

Now President Roosevelt's experts have embarked on a similar inquiry in the U.S. Patents Office.

Among the scientific discoveries which industry had buried away—for ever, it thought at the time!—are some that could have been of the greatest value to the war effort for four years.

The British Government should at once institute a similar inquiry.

To mention one branch of science only, that devoted to the study of sound—a highly important branch in days when you have to detect aeroplanes and submarines—it is believed that many highly valuable patents have been hidden away.

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STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

M.P.s have had their first formal discussions on the news we've all been excited about.

But now is the time for Parliament to consider things that don't sound so exciting—our detailed plans for when the battles are over and the fighting is finished.

We'll Win Quicker

These things have got to be discussed. Beveridge, housing, education—they're all obvious subjects. But what about a matter on which our very first peace decisions will have to be made?

What does the Government intend to do about demobilisation? That question should be answered, not avoided with easy snubs about waiting "till we've won." We shall win quicker if our fighting men know where they stand.

Two Views

At the moment all they have to go on are vague, even contradictory, Ministerial statements, inspired, no doubt, but certainly not made as declarations of Government policy.

He wants latitude

Mr. Ernest Bevin, for instance, tells the T.U.C. "*One principle we have accepted is that length of service should be the criterion for demobilisation, and we will not submit to what were called 'key men' . . . and everybody pulling wires one way or another.*"

Excellent. But Sir William Jowitt, the Minister without Portfolio, says: "*We must not be so rigid that we retain men who in the interests of trade as a whole ought to be back in civil life. . . . There must be a latitude so that some men may come out before their normal term.*"

Men We'll Need

Both Ministers express admirable sentiments. Sir William is right, without any shadow of doubt, when he hints at some discrimination. Immediately after the war the country will need her most skilled men in civilian life.

The point is that the House of Commons must soon be told what the Government thinks—so that the Commons can find out and tell the Government what the people think.

Keep Our Coal

There's no doubt about what the people think of the proposed recruiting of youths for the pits. They don't like it at all.

And particularly they don't like any suggestion that much of our coal should go out to Italy. The Minister of Fuel and Power was wise when he announced that we would provide coal only for the Italian railways as they came into use by the Allies.

A Suggestion

This subject, too, will have to be thrashed out in the Commons. In the meantime, Members might well look into the possibilities of using the Italian prisoners over here as mineworkers.

They could, if our own miners approve, go to selected pits. And they could be trained just as quickly as the young men Mr. Bevin proposes to train.

World's Best

Above all, Whitehall must be taught that neither the miners nor any other class of workers are just shirkers.

The output of our people is greater per head than that of any other nation, friend or foe.

But there's a danger that officialdom will seek to drive us too hard.

Holidays a Crime?

We are not thinking only of the men who toil till nine at night yet are fined for not attending Home Guard parades.

We're thinking also of cases such as that of an Oldham cotton operative who, though she'd only taken four days off for sickness in four years, has been fined for going on a week's holiday with her parents.

Disgraceful or—

The magistrate's clerk said it was "disgraceful" to bring her to court on such a charge.

We've a stronger word for it—Infamous!

Same Penalty

Talking of the courts, have you noticed their recent treatment of petrol offenders?

A titled ex-mayor of Southampton was fined £2 for driving to play bowls. On the same day, at another court, a young man was fined a similar sum for using a motor-cycle to fetch a doctor when his child was dying!

Change of Sentence

Then, you remember, Jack Hylton was sentenced at Bow Street to jail on one summons and fined on others. The jail sentence has been commuted to a further fine of £5 on appeal.

In another appeal case, the penalty fixed by the magistrates has been doubled.

Standard Scale

We don't want a standard penalty for all petrol cases, whatever the individual circumstances.

But we do suggest that the present disparity of treatment by different courts detracts from the respect due to the Law.

Day Trip

Which brings us to that egregious pother when Mr. Ernest Brown opened the first two of the long-promised new houses for rural workers.

No farm hands watched the ceremony. They said they had something better to do—and no doubt they were right.

But Whitehall bigwigs weren't too busy for a trip into the country. They arrived in 31 big cars, to listen to six speeches.

Respectful Audience

Surely even Mr. Brown doesn't need their votes of thanks and polite handclapping whenever he "opens" something or other?

It would save a lot of time, a lot of petrol, and a lot of annoyance to the lads who sail our tankers.

Good Form

Now, at last, the War Office has got a system under which civilian recruiting doctors are told about their "mistakes." Every time a man is discharged as unfit shortly after being called up a report is made to the War Office on a special form.

The report contains a question to be answered by the President of the Army Medical Board which discharges the man.

Answer "Yes"

It's designed to discover whether the Recruiting Medical Board should have known, quite obviously, that the man was unfit.

In many cases already the answer has been "Yes."

Although Army intakes have been reduced for some time, there have been more than 200 discharges a week of men with less than two months' service.

Perhaps, now that their wrong diagnoses are to be pointed out to them, the civilian doctors will be less ready to assume that everyone's a potential malingerer.

They Don't Think

All telephone subscribers in Glasgow recently received a printed postcard from the local G.P.O. informing them that their exchange had changed over to the automatic system.

A small advertisement in the paper would have saved thousands of postcards and the time and trouble of delivery. Did no one ever think of that?

Romping to Health

A remarkable treatment for promoting straight spines and well-balanced limbs among children is conducted at the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London.

What at first appears to be just romping is a carefully planned routine of special exercises, based on the stimulation of the reflexes, which cause the patient to perform the desired movements himself. Babies only a month or two old respond to the treatment, which aims to be preventive rather than curative.

Mail Astray

We've had so many letters lately from parents who say their sons in the Middle East are not getting mail from home that we went along to the Army Post Office to see what is happening.

A mother writes to the Post Office to complain. Quickly she gets an acknowledgment and an assurance that "the matter is being attended to."

How it Works

Often she thinks that's as far as it will go. But it isn't. Her letter sets in motion a highly efficient section of the Army Post Office known as the Special Investigation Section.

The complaint goes out to Cairo by the fastest route. Through the Location Service of the 2nd Echelon, which files the records of every man in the M.E.F., the mother's son is traced.

"Change of Address"

He's not in Africa at all, as the mother supposed, but in Palestine. A message goes off to his Commanding Officer asking what mail he's been getting, what's his correct battery address, and so on.

Happy again!

And nine times out of ten it turns out that the son forgot to send his new address to the post office orderly at his old battery when he moved.

These stories end nicely. The Army Post Office writes to the mother to explain that her boy is now getting his letters regularly.

And they don't say a word about it a being the son's fault. It's just put dow to "change of address," and for once official language has got something to recommend it.

It's Easy

The Board of Trade has lately told housewives how they can replace their worn-out curtains without spending coupons.

It's all very simple. You just buy coupon-free velour or plush. It may cost 15s. a yard, but, according to a B. of T. official, pretty well anyone can afford it nowadays.

A soldier's wife, for instance?

● Going fishing in the Highlands of Scotland is no bother at all—no matter what the distance. Cars for hire are still available.

Fishing parties went out from one hotel where a reader stayed, and when all the cars were being used a lorry one day took them four miles to a loch. It returned and picked them up in the evening.

In another district, farmers who haven't been able to get enough petrol for their work have seen officers in the Services drive to a famous loch more than fifty miles from where they are stationed.

BEHIND THE NEWS

● Even Whitehall has been staggered by reliable news of raid damage to German cities, which is many times as big as official expectations!

● *Munich, home of Nazidom, now the centre of the circle of Allied air attack. And that circle gets bigger every month.*

● One day recently, 10,000 members of air crews and 30,000 ground staff were engaged on actual flying operations. Results attained would have needed a whole land army!

● Mr. A. V. Alexander's naming of ships involved in recent operations was the first shock for admirals who have overdone the "Silent Service" hush-hush. Others will follow.

● *New Balkan command to fight Greek and Serb guerillas has been set up by Nazis. And S.S. Black Guards have been rushed to "stiffen" Bulgarian army.*

● Rumanian appeal for German A.A. guns has been refused; the *Reich* can't spare them.

● Reason for Swiss alertness: fear that Germans will march in to gain another "buffer" State when rearguard action in Italy fails.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

TOO BIG BUSINESS!

"BIG BUSINESS" is not necessarily bad business, nor are all large combines a menace to the community. It is only when business becomes too big that we need to fear it—and to fight it.

There is, indeed, much to be said for the rationalisation of industry and mass production methods.

A good deal of nonsense is talked about combines, trusts and cartels, but those who most dislike them tend to overlook one thing—namely, that the bigger they grow, the more likely they are to incur the risk of ultimate State control.

For when any trade concern has grown so large as to wield monopoly powers, it is ripe for nationalisation.

Apologists for "Big Business" and its methods have been numerous of late. They all tend to take the same line. They argue that combines eliminate wasteful competition and cut production costs to the benefit of the consumer.

This can happen, but, when all is said in their favour, the fact remains that trusts, combines and cartels, if they are left free to use their enormous power for their own profit-making ends, must tend to exploit the public rather than serve it.

An American, asked to explain the difference in his country between a trust and a cartel, said he reckoned the first was just a "hold-up" and the second a "carve-up."

There is some truth in this cynical definition, for the trusts and combines can, if they choose, force prices up once they have a virtual monopoly in any market, and the international cartels do carve up the world into exclusive trading zones.

Mr. Henry Wallace, the American Vice-President, has made a slashing attack upon cartel methods and cartel bosses as examined in the light of this war.

His gravest charge is that, long before Pearl Harbour, an American oil company entered into a private treaty with I.G. Farben, the German chemical colossus, and adhered to it in plain disloyalty to the United States.

As a result, the production of Butyl artificial rubber (better and cheaper than the German Buna) was held up in America for five years.

Full information about Butyl, an American invention, was supplied to the German cartel partner, and at the same time the American company tried to mislead the U.S. Navy which sought that information!

Another American cartel member, Mr. Wallace asserts, sent confidential information to Germany which the War Department had particularly asked it not to divulge. Still another assisted the Germans to conceal the true ownership of German property in the States so that it might not be seized!

AS Mr. Wallace has warned his own people in particular and all lovers of freedom in general:

"Wherever the forces of monopoly are found, our job is to fight them. Those groups which rule over economic empires have usurped the sovereignty of the people in international relations."

Mr. Joseph Berkin, a member of the anti-trust division of the U.S. Department of Justice, has declared it impossible for anybody to make an electric lamp, a glass bottle, an aluminium pot, a pair of spectacles, or a radio set—taking these things merely as examples—without first receiving permission from some private group.

Woe betide the man who attempted to reduce the price of any of these things or to make improvements in them! "He would either have to bow to the edicts of the industrial dictators or he would be broken!"

Thus "Big Business" puts itself above the supreme law of the State.

JOHN BULL does not suggest that the situation is equally grave in this country, but the danger of its gradually becoming so must be faced.

For British industry has already developed in such a way as to give large combines the same sort of scope which the great American trusts have so often and so flagrantly abused.

It may not be necessary to put the brake on trusts, combines and cartels as they are now being conducted for war purposes. But it is urgently necessary to have strong and effective brakes available, so that the Government can apply them directly to any or all of these as soon as they grow *too* big for public safety.

JOHN BULL is not opposed to "Big Business" as such. We do not wish to see a return to the period of wasteful competition among large numbers of small uneconomic units.

Our policy has been plainly stated in this page. We believe in something bigger than "Big Business."

We advocate the greatest and the best of all cartels—an international clearing union controlled by the Free Peoples of the earth through their freely chosen Governments to divide the world's resources fairly among all mankind.

There is nothing revolutionary in this policy. On the contrary, its principles are implicit in the Fifth Clause of the Atlantic Charter, which is as yet the only political and economic credo accepted by the United Nations.

Here is that Fifth Clause as a reminder to all who may have forgotten, or failed to appreciate, its special significance:

"They (the United Nations) desire to bring about the fullest collaboration between all nations in the economic field, with the object of securing for *all* improved labour standards, economic advancement, and social security."

Obviously, the economic advancement of "the common man" is impossible so long as he can be held to ransom by huge capitalistic interests and monopolistic groups.

We do not object, in principle, to rationalisation, amalgamation, or (provided it lies within the public interest) to price control, either upwards or downwards.

But we *must make* it illegal for any combine or group of combines to enter into secret agreements as to the supply and prices of any given commodity.

We are bound, in mere self-protection, to resist all trade agreements tending to suppress useful inventions, or to enable the great vested interests to unload an inferior article when a better one could be available at a cheaper price.

Above all, we must put an absolute and final stop to the activities of every cartel which seeks a world monopoly for its own products in exchange for granting a similar privilege to foreign competitors.

There must be no more "secret bosses" of world economy. There must be no more "Big Business" too big to be controlled by the sovereign State.

WE have seen how the dangerous powers of High Finance have tended in the past to override the public interest and to plunge one country after another into the maelstrom of world-warfare.

It is said that we have entered "the century of the common man." If that be true, we should be fools to accept dictation from Wall Street or from the City of London.

"The common man" looks forward to a peace based upon the good fellowship of every well-disposed country. He counts upon post-war security and sufficiency as being attainable through the united efforts of the United Nations.

We agree with him and back him up.

Hungry—Amongst Bumper Crops

I HAVE just been rung up by a farmer friend in the corner of Kent where I live.

He was alarmed because a neighbouring farmer's labourers had refused to work overtime unless they received extra food.

Indeed, there have been fairly widespread threats by farm workers to stop harvest work unless they were given the little extra food to provide the necessary stamina.

And my farmer friend, like many people who have read of these threats, couldn't understand why.

I told him. I will tell you.

Farm labourers, living among the rolling acres of other people's food, are not getting a fair deal in the matter of rations.

I know of some who are feeling very definite signs of under-nourishment. I know many more who say they feel "done" at the end of a day.

★ ★ ★

The public—and even many farmers—are deceiving themselves about the eating facilities granted to the men who stock the nation's larders.

Let me quote one of the farm labourer "rebels"—a Home Guard Corporal and last-war fighter.

He'd work the clock round for victory, and starve in the process, if he thought he was getting a fair deal.

True he is entitled to the extra "harvest ration."

Employers are supposed to issue it as meals in working hours. It is forbidden for labourers to take the tea, sugar, fat and preserves home.

★ ★ ★

But his farmer, like many more, cannot provide the meals.

Result: the rations are lost.

You might wonder why the farm worker should feel aggrieved about the loss of a few cups of tea or slices of bread and marge.

But compare the farm labourer's lot with the city worker, who can go to his canteen or local British Restaurant—or both. And even add a visit to a local private restaurant if he feels inclined.

And those who, living in the larger villages, can buy plenty of off-the-ration goods.

But it is said that the farm labourer receives an extra cheese ration, has the benefits of travelling restaurants, and gets an occasional meat pie.

The extra cheese ration is certainly a valuable concession. Heaven knows what the farm worker would do without it.

But travelling restaurants, which cannot be operated successfully in remote farming districts, rarely and often never appear.

The meat pies may never be seen. And, if they are, there being no stipulation as to price or quality, they are often dearer than those which can be bought in canteens and restaurants.

"Ah," says the sceptic. "But what about the farm worker's kitchen garden?"

The point is that few townspeople, in these days, can claim that it is impossible to get a bit of ground as an allotment.

Yet the farm labourer, with his long hours and his dreary walks to and from work, often has less than a third as much time to devote to his own garden as has the man who lives in a town.

★ ★ ★

Let Ministry of Food officials talk to a few farm labourers I could introduce them to.

They will soon see that these are not men who grouse lightly.

Yes, they'll learn that they all too often go to bed hungry—having no hotels or restaurants, canteens or pull-ups to supply that little bit extra that can mean so much.

WALLACE ARTER.

OPEN LETTERS

Miss FLORENCE HORSBRUGH, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Health

DEAR MISS HORSBRUGH,—Thanks to the apathy and inactivity of your department, tens of thousands of families in furnished flats and houses are paying scandalously high rents to unscrupulous landlords.

More than two months ago the House of Commons was promised that the whole field of rent restriction would be reviewed by an Inter-Departmental Committee. Since then nothing has happened; but there are reports that your Ministry will set up special tribunals to control rents of furnished dwellings.

At present anyone wishing to exploit the stupid lack of control existing to-day can put into a house or flat a rug or two, a few rickety chairs, a table, a cheap bed and a strip of lino, call the property furnished, and charge poor devils of home-hunters rent which is sheer robbery.

Miss Florence Horsbrugh

The law cannot prevent this exploitation. The whole subject of rent restriction is so complex and chaotic that even expert lawyers are confused by its intricacies.

Nearly two and a half years have passed by since the full fury of the blitz on Britain ceased. It was obvious then that, with so many homes blasted to bits, the ramp in rents would arise. The exploiters have had a clear run for thirty months and have cheated the public out of hundreds of thousands of pounds.

Yet there is still delay, still inaction, still a marked inability to deal with the scandal. And it seems to me that by the time your precious Inter-Departmental Committee has gone its weary and tortuous way the position will be little better than it is now.

The nation's tired of being robbed. And if something isn't done it will express its tiredness of those who are supposed to be its guardians against robbery.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD ASTOR, Lord Mayor of Plymouth

DEAR LORD ASTOR,—What an outsize cat you have put among the timid pigeons of Whitehall!

But I fear your quarry will once more find refuge behind piles of yellowing official documents.

Briefly, you have asked the authorities of our worst "blitzed" cities and towns to support you in demanding certain legislation.

That legislation is desired by every intelligent man and woman. It would allow the councils of our ruined towns to buy bombed sites *quickly* at pre-war values.

Without it reconstruction will be an idle dream.

"Already," as you say, "we see property changing hands at rising values. We hear rumours of options on likely land being obtained by speculators.

"We find inflation in land values becoming a real threat."

So grave a threat, indeed, that the City of London dare not publish its own rebuilding plans for fear of the speculators stepping in!

Already in the City, as I daresay you know, some sites cost a million pounds an acre.

In your own devastated Plymouth you have a similar problem. You have big ideas for a fine new city. But you daren't start to plan even for housing needs because of the land sharks.

And the blame rests upon the Government. It half-promised, two years ago, to heed the urgent advice of the Uthwatt Committee. But nothing has been done.

Must it be said that a Government which defied the Germans in our gravest hour is too nervous to affront vested interests?—JOHN BULL.

Professor R. H. A. PLIMMER, D.Sc., Expert on Diet and Nutrition

DEAR PROFESSOR,—I'll believe all you say about the wonders of our war time food—that dehydrated vegetables are as good as fresh ones, that dried eggs are as good as fresh eggs, and that that strange bag of mystery, the Government sausage, has as much food value as a steak of equal weight.

Yes, I'll believe you. But, like millions of others, I want to forget all about proteins, carbohydrates, vitamins, calories and nutritional values, and just wade into a rare juicy undercut, some white bread with lashings of golden butter, gammon rashers garnished with fresh eggs, and sausages, rich, succulent and 100 per cent. fresh pork.

And don't forget the cream, please.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ADAM CIOLKOSZ, Polish Socialist Leader

DEAR SIR,—As the day of liberation draws nearer the soldiers, sailors and airmen of your country play an ever-greater part in the struggle against Hitler.

They fight with courage and bitterness. For the sufferings of the Poles are the sufferings of humanity; and the Polish record in this bloody conflict is as proud and as glorious as that of any of the United Nations.

Your countrymen and countrywomen have paid a high price to keep that record untarnished. You produced no Quisling, no Laval, and because you had no traitors your land ran with the blood of gallant patriots.

When the final reckoning comes the world will remember Poland as the nation which stood dauntless and defiant against all the terrorism that the dark, Satanic Nazi mind could devise.—JOHN BULL.

Sir NORMAN BIRKETT, Chairman, Standing Committee for National Parks

DEAR SIR NORMAN,—Like you, I view with concern the Water Undertakings Bill, which, in its present form, gives the Minister of Health dictatorial powers to close at will vast tracks of countryside to cyclists, hikers and ramblers.

The open spaces of Britain will be more popular than ever after the war when men and women who have lived rough and enjoyed fresh air come home.

They will have fought for liberty of movement as well as liberty of thought and speech; and they will have a greater love than ever for the land they have saved from disaster.

They will be eager to rediscover the beauties of Britain for which they made such sacrifices.

Barriers like barbed wire and forbidding notices in such happy hunting grounds as the Peak district of Derbyshire, the highways and byways of Sussex and Surrey, and the vast expanses of Yorkshire moorlands will only irritate and exasperate them.

Britain to them must be an open paradise, not a closed preserve.

I trust you will do all you can to preserve the common rights of our lovely land.—JOHN BULL.

Captain F. J. BELLENGER, Labour M.P. for Bassetlaw

DEAR SIR,—"Work for all after the war" is a grand slogan—on paper. So, in 1919, was "A land fit for heroes to live in."

By 1925 Britain was a land fit for heroes to starve in. And if complacency and lip-service are to be the products of the next post-war period, Britain may well become again a land for heroes to idle in.

Your suggestion that men and women should be guaranteed by the State not their own jobs but *a job*, is timely, for it is obvious that guarantees embodied in an Act of Parliament are useless if the jobs guaranteed no longer exist.

The whole question of post-war employment must be tackled firmly, ruthlessly, if our fighting men are to get the square deal promised them.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR CHANCELLOR,—On several occasions I have pleaded with you to introduce a "pay-as-you-earn" scheme for income tax. Now, at long last, there are reports that you intend to apply such a scheme to 9,000,000 weekly wage earners.

So far, so good. But that scheme will not affect those millions of men and women from whom you draw the greater part of income tax. They, as well as manual workers, are entitled to relief from the burden of indebtedness to the State.

It will, no doubt, be more simple to try this fiscal experiment on those whose incomes are simple; and the experience thus gained will help when the scheme is extended.

Application of a "pay-as-you-earn" scheme in the U.S.A. has led to considerable confusion and chaos. That was to be expected. Such sweeping economic reforms are bound at first to produce snags. How could it be otherwise?

You have your difficulties. That is admitted. But you have also your obligations. And one of them is to ensure that the taxpayer is granted whatever measure of security you can afford to give him.—JOHN BULL.

WIVES—AND THE WAY TO GREATNESS

ARGUE IT OUT

★

By PALLAS

TO the old quotation that "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," I would add: "and some achieve greatness through their wives."

★ ★ ★

Some men, natural born idlers, have been spurred on to effort and success by ambitious, socially keen wives. Most of us know such cases. I recall in particular one wife who was for ever urging her husband to get on. She had neither scruple nor feeling. All she wanted was social position, a large house and money.

I thought of that woman when I read of the Clynes and the Shaws—both great men in their way. John Clynes, an Oldham mill operative, married fifty years ago, Polly Harper, who worked in the same mill.

John Clynes, good, honest Lancastrian homespun, became in turn Trade Union leader, M.P., Privy Councillor and Home Secretary. Behind him, quiet and rarely in the public eye, was Mrs. Clynes. For fifty years she has been his pal, co-operating with him, comforting him when things went wrong, bringing him rest and mental ease.

★ ★ ★

George Bernard Shaw, brilliant satirist, social reformer, impatient child of an intolerant Muse, has just lost the wife who, for forty-five years, was the helpmate of a Shaw the world didn't know.

Perhaps many people were surprised to learn that there was a Mrs. Shaw, so retiring, so reserved and so remote from that world of literary genius in which her husband flashed and sparkled.

But to Shaw the scoffer, Shaw the cynic, Shaw the man who loved to distress the bourgeois mind, she was an anchorage of rest and comfort.

★ ★ ★

The man who wisecracked about the frailties of humanity and human passions did not wear *his* heart on his sleeve. His deep, abiding love over nearly fifty years for the wife who stayed in the background while he stole the literary limelight shows that in the end he is just like other men.

Very few of the wives of great men receive the tribute of the world. But great men at home can be only little boys who want to forget awhile the burden of greatness and turn to the tenderness and love of their mates.

Without those mates the great men of the world would be few and far between.

★ *Swept by fire from stem to stern, a world-famous liner foundered beneath the waves she once had queened. Now, by a miracle of endeavour, by building a special town, she is being raised to a second life*

The "Lafayette" Sails Again

GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS OF TO-DAY—4

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

IS *any* job too big for mere men to tackle?

I have told in past weeks of a mighty airfield blazed in the wilds, of roads hacked through 2,000 miles of mountain wastes, of one of the world's deepest rivers harnessed to dynamos.

Now here is the drama of a ship, 100,000 inert tons of mud and metal, and how the brain and hand of man have raised her from the dead.

Shocking Disaster

Remember how the fire-and-water gutted hulk of the U.S.S. *Lafayette*, the former *Normandie*, rolled on to her side last year in the Hudson River?

The disaster shocked the world.

She had been born to queen the waves. She foundered to her doom, as a wisecracking broadcaster said, through a trickle of water from a hose.

True, the fire-fighters poured 6,000 tons of water into her portside upper decks as she blazed at the 48th Street quay. The incoming tide served to capsize her. But it was the last drop that did it.

Her huge hulk—gross tonnage 83,423, three hundred yards long and 117 ft. in breadth—lay half-submerged in water and silt on the river bed.

Salvage experts declared she could never be saved.

A Hugh Task

An official naval committee confirmed that "the salvage of the *Lafayette* will certainly exceed in magnitude and complexity any salvage operation hitherto undertaken."

Yet Downing Street and Washington conferred and agreed to entrust the task to Commander W. A. Sullivan.

Picture to yourself a tower three times as high as St. Paul's tumbled into the Thames and flooded—and visualise the task of getting it out!

"Difficult things we do immediately," said Commander Bill Sullivan. "The impossible takes a little longer."

From the first the obstacles proved to be greater than the marine experts had even imagined.

The first divers to go down and circle the hulk returned with an alarming story.

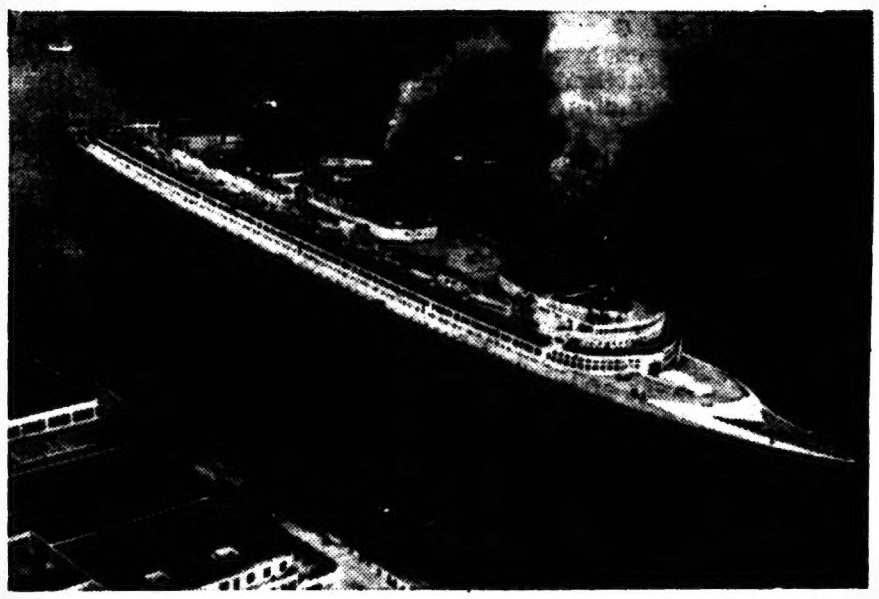
The entire deadweight of the foundered ship was precariously balanced on the extreme edge of a rocky shelf seven fathoms below water level.

Probing the Deep

The stern was gradually rising from the shelf and the bows slipping and sinking. The slightest deviation of weight, a displacement in the burden of the power plant against the balancing silt, might send the hulk plunging backward over the rock escarpment on a 160-ft. drop into fluid mud.

The first diver to probe the deep recesses of the hull, too, discovered that mud had worked in through the open air and cargo ports.

Other divers found that Pier 88, the seat of salvage operations, was steadily slipping away into ooze. The impact of the liner's keel had crushed the piles,



As she was, and as she'll be again—though under another name

and £500,000 in repairs had to be faced as the first step in the £5,000,000 salvage and refitting bill.

But none had anticipated more than the Commander the long odds to be faced.

There was even a shortage of divers caused by the war. So he had a naval diving school started alongside, with volunteers eking out skilled labour by up to thirty dives a day, using the underwater torch, patching, pumping, learning submarine welding.

Soon six hundred men were at work on the ship. Working out his problems on a scale model made by the students, Commander Sullivan deeply flooded the stern, created what a salvager might call "contrary buoyancy" and restored stability.

Then the salvage army, working day and night, began to hack thousands of tons of metal away from the superstructure.

On the exposed starboard side of the liner a Lilliputian town of wooden huts, tool sheds, catwalks and pump control stations came into being.

R.A.F. boys and British merchant seamen in New York found themselves invited to "Normandieville" as a sightseeing excursion.

"Precisely how will you right her—in simple language?" one visitor asked the Commander.

"Gravity pulled her over; gravity will restore her," he told the inquirer.

And down into the dark and silent ship, through hatches made by the removal of side-plating, went scores of divers. Using the bulkheads as their "decks" and the decks as their "bulkheads," they worked in a world gone crazy.

Black Chaos

They found mountains of furniture, glass and other materials squeezed to concrete hardness by the sweep of the water. In constant telephone communication, they tunnelled through a black chaos.

They had to cut through the successive bulkheads to get to lower levels.

The motors and boilers were practically unharmed, and the damage by fire on the upper decks "strictly limited."

Special suction devices for mud removal were placed in position. A forest of derricks began to raise twisted metal or lower drums of oxygen and acetylene to the divers.

Portholes were sealed to prevent water inflow with "tooker patches" which serve as a dam against which concrete may be poured.

Conquered Giant

Inner decks were shored and reinforced against external water pressure. With the funnels removed, the mighty electric submersible pumps firm in position, Commander Sullivan found himself able to balance the forces of air, water and gravity much like a shopkeeper balancing his scales.

The entire ship was divided by new transverse bulkheads into over 300 separate compartments and pumping began.

Pumping and reflooding, the Sullivan army—or navy!—began to right the ship little by little. Every gallon sucked back into the Hudson served to steady the great hulk a little.

Normandieville has been demolished. As I write, the ship is more than half upright. From a raised observation platform, senators and sailors will soon watch the final swingover.

A few months more for refitting—and the *Lafayette* will sail again. The Jack Tars have conquered the giant.

Flying Blimp Stages a Come-Back

AN American blimp has just been shot down by a U-boat.

This news from Washington is the first official admission of airships in action against Hitler's underwater wolf packs, though in fact blimps have been operating from the earliest days of the war.

And they have destroyed a large number of U-boats.

★ ★ ★

In spite of which this is the first occasion on which one has been reported as shot down.

Because the modern blimp neither collapses suddenly nor catches fire if it is hit, all but one of its crew were saved.

Some people can still remember the original blimps, which, in World War I, sank twenty-seven U-boats.

But they would find it difficult to recognise the highly perfected version of World War II.

The new blimp has many advantages over the aeroplane in the hunting of U-boats.

For one thing, it can sit aloft, hovering like a hawk over its prey and making certain before launching its attack that the long, sausage-like shadow below the surface really is a U-boat.

Being motionless over its target, one depth charge from the blimp is usually enough to finish the attack.

By the use of "free ballooning"—the employment of air currents much as a sailing boat uses cross winds for tacking—it can dispense with its engines altogether.

Once it has taken off—and these days it does the thing in style, making taxi take-offs and landings on wheels fitted beneath the car and tail—it can beat any bomber hands down by staying in the air for two or three days!

Even using its engines continuously it can cruise for more than forty hours, and can knock up a useful 80 m.p.h. if it wants it.

It is an interesting point that blimps are not, as you might suppose, attached to the U.S. Air Force.

★ ★ ★

They are units of the American Navy, and as such they are recognised as commissioned warships, their commanders having the same authority as the commander of a battleship.

Like most navy men, blimp pilots don't give a damn for the weather.

Their craft negotiates air bumps and pockets as smoothly as a seagull rides the waves.

The new blimps carry a listening apparatus which, hung at the end of a long wire and trailed in the water, picks up the sound of a U-boat in the depths.

Yes, the blimp has staged a come-back.

★ ★ ★

And if you think it an inferior type of aircraft to the orthodox aeroplane, just mention the fact to a blimp man!

But don't blame me if you get a black eye, or miss your train through having to listen to a hotly worded defence of the blimp and its exploits from the earliest days of ballooning onwards!

PATRICK SPENCER.

FOOTNOTE.—How, you ask, did the blimp get its name? During World War I experiments, the British Authorities decided that their first anti-U boat airship (Model "A-limp") wasn't quite good enough. So they designed a better one, known as Model "B-limp." That's all!

THE CLOSING RI

★ Germany is fighting alone, but as the tottering satellites withdraw their servile support, the Germans, like a wounded tiger, will strike with desperate power and fury. Salerno has been a warning not to relax our efforts.

By A. G. GARDINER

NOW the battle of ITALY has begun and the fierce struggle at Salerno is a warning which we must not disregard. It is a warning against over-confidence. Victory is certain, but the toughest task is ahead.

The tiger, though crippled, is still formidable and dangerous. Let us heed the warning and redouble our blows.

This does not mean that there is ground for alarm. Far from it. We have had since Stalingrad and El Alamein a year of astounding and uninterrupted triumph.

We have caged the tiger. We have hemmed him in by sea, land and air. We have set the seal of doom upon him.

Let us see the warning of Salerno in due proportion against the vast background of events.

This is a moment when we may well do so. Just twenty-five years ago, in the autumn of 1918, Germany crashed, suddenly, overwhelmingly The main causes are not in dispute: (1) The Army was beaten and in October Ludendorf reported to the Reichstag that Germany's man-power was exhausted. She could not continue the war. (2) The U-boat had been finally defeated and there was mutiny in the navy at Kiel. (3) The Kaiser's satellites, led by Bulgaria, scented danger and were stampeding to shelter. (4) The home front was hungry, despairing and broken.

* * *

How does the position to-day compare with that on the eve of Germany's downfall in 1918?

Take, first, her army, which is the backbone of her might. For two winters the flower of that army has been imprisoned in the Russian snows. On the eve of a third winter it is being rolled back in defeat under the giant blows of the Red Army.

The bones of millions of the cream of the German army litter the plains of Russia. They cannot be replaced. The satellites, leaving behind them hecatombs of dead, are refusing more cannon fodder for their master.

Hungary will send no more, Rumania will send no more. Finland has practically ceased the fight. Bulgaria will not yield a man for the Russian front. The Italians are disarmed or gone over to the side of the enemy.

Germany is fighting alone.

And meanwhile the demands on her army

★ British genius has countered the menace of the U-boat, magnetic mine, and discovered radiolocation. Now it must make a supreme effort in the Battle of the New Britain

Swaffer wants a revival of the Spirit of 1940 —that saved mankind

SWAFFER SAYS: 'LEARN FROM THE WAR...'

THE Battle of Britain has been won. The Battle of the New Britain, now only a matter of skirmishes, will soon be open, bitter conflict.

We nearly lost the first one because we were so badly unprepared. Soon, we may lose the second.

The Old System has been saved. But, unless we hasten, the fight for the New Civilisation will be lost.

It was over a year ago that, in reminding us of the disillusion that followed the "Land fit for heroes" pledge of the last war, the Labour Party solemnly declared in an official report:

"In our judgment, the same disillusion will follow the present struggle unless we begin to organise during its course the conditions which make it certain the promises will be implemented this time."

That was printed in May, 1942. In September, 1943, we are as far from organising the conditions as we were then.

Indeed, you hear on many sides harsh criticisms of the three Labour men in the War Cabinet because even the Beveridge Plan has been shelved. And that is only a flea-bite.

In May, 1942, the Labour Party demanded not only full employment for everybody, the rebuilding of a better Britain, social services and full educational opportunities for everybody, but "no return to the unplanned competitive world in which a privileged few were maintained at the expense of the common good, but planned production for community use."

I see no sign of a comprehensive scheme that will bring into being any one of those things.

I saw, last week, Sir William Beveridge busy, in his office near Bond Street, on his second great project, his plan, "How to solve unemployment."

That, whatever form his remedy for mass misery may take, will need ten times the courage that the Government failed to show when his social security plan went before it. Then, it dodged—because of the cost.

The plain truth is that we must recapture, in the field of politics, something of the spirit that, in 1940, saved mankind. There is a new *Luftwaffe* to be faced—wholesale bombardment by vested interests of every plan for betterment, enfranchisement and universal good.

Yet we are at present so timorous about it that I read how, at a lunch given in London last week to the surviving pilots of the Battle of Britain, Lord Dowding, who was chief of Fighting Command when it was fought, "appealed for help in finding employment after the war for those who were wounded in the Battle of Britain."

Fancy, after all the New World promises, *appealing* for work for the men who saved the world!

On the same day, I saw in the *Times* an advertisement screaming for money for the Airborne Forces Security Fund. At that moment men belonging to those forces were landing on the beaches near Salerno.

Yet this is what I read:

"Now the question that worries the enemy is—where will the 'Red Devils' strike next? For where they strike success is sure to follow.

"We, too, are waiting impatiently for their next daring move. Meanwhile, let us show how much we appreciate their valour and self-sacrifice by giving generously to their Security Fund, so that each may know that if he should become a casualty his dependants will be well taken care of."

How can you have a Brave New World if your ideas belong to the bad old days of appealing, cadging, yelping?

That was not our attitude to the all-conquering Nazis when invasion threatened!

On August 15, 1940, Winston Churchill sat in his garden on a sunny Sunday morning, knowing that the *Luftwaffe* was on its way to England, for the first time, in full flight, and that between us and Slavery there were only a few hundred young airmen, mostly of untried skill.

What would happen, he had no more idea than the humblest citizen.

Yet, that day, eighty-five German 'planes were brought down. Then he knew we had a chance!

When, a month later, the bag increased to 185, the Nazis cried off their daylight raids.

A tenth of that courage and determination, if shown to-day by only a few hundred brave men in the realm of politics, would sweep out of existence the power of Money and Privilege that now stands between the masses of the nation and its rightful heritage.

In the dark days of 1940, a few timorous folk urged that terms should be made with a Hitler who was already master of Europe. They hoped to save their possessions for a few more years, whatever, after their lifetime, might happen.

Fortunately, we had a Churchill to express—"We will fight on the beaches"—the determination of the masses who heard, in their humble homes, none of the whispers that went round in higher circles.

Similar fears are now felt in the minds of the same sort of people. They want to buy time, so that, as long as they themselves enjoy it, Privilege may remain!

The Russians march into their reconquered but devastated towns with plans for rebuilding. We sit among the ruins of our *blitzed* cities and watch the landlords speculating in sites still ugly with wreckage. And we do nothing to stop it.

Thackeray, one of our own greatest writers, wrote years ago what should be recalled to-day by all of us. "The man who is afraid of the future," he said, "never deserved one."

In the war, radiolocation, a British invention, helped to save us from a defeat that seemed inevitable.

British genius found, in a few weeks, a way to destroy the magnetic mine, more than anything else "Hitler's secret weapon."

British brains countered the U-boat menace.

More than at any period in our island history, British inventiveness has been brilliant and adaptable to every call.

Anyone who has seen, as I have many times, a great city carrying on during a devastating *blitz*, has marvelled not only at the calm displayed in grim emergency, but the cool competence with which harrowing problems were solved.

If only that same courage and determination make us resolve to fight our enemies at home—the profiteering land-speculators who would destroy town-planning, the money interests who hate control, and the trading monopolies who hate restriction—the phrase "The New Britain" will become a living reality.

Otherwise, it will go down to history with "Land fit for heroes"—a mocking cynicism and a sorry jibe.

G

are growing illimitably. She could not, owing to the claims of the Russian front, equip an army to save Rommel in Africa or to keep us out of Sicily and southern Italy.

She has to replace the Italians in the Balkans. She has to garrison a hostile France against the inevitable hour that is coming.

She has to fortify the whole Atlantic coast from Norway to the Bay of Biscay. Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia — all have to be held down by force.

And all must be held down by Germans.

Is it not obvious that if in 1918, after four years of war, German manpower could not maintain a single front, her resources in men are now strained to the breaking point?

★ ★ ★

So much for the vital matter of manpower. I will say nothing about material power. Nothing need be said, for in productive power, America, Britain and Russia, all in full blast, have long out-distanced the Axis, even when the Axis was a going concern. And it is a going concern no longer. It is gone.

TURN TO THE SEA—THE SEA WHICH, IN THE LONG RUN, IS MASTER OF THE LAND. HITLER DID NOT BELIEVE THIS: IT WAS HIS FIRST GREAT BLUNDER.

IT WAS OUR SEA POWER WHICH WON THE LAST WAR. THEN GERMANY HAD A GREAT NAVY. THEN THE U-BOAT WAS NEARER VICTORY IN THE SUMMER OF 1917 THAN IT HAS EVER BEEN IN THIS WAR. AND, NEVERTHELESS, GERMANY LOST THE WAR.

What is her position to-day? She started this war with only the fragment of a navy, but there was a dreadful year in which she seemed to have the French and Italian navies in her grip and the Mediterranean seemed lost to us.

And now? Whatever remains of the French Navy is ours. The whole of the Italian Navy is ours. We are more completely master of the Mediterranean than we were in the days of Napoleon.

And not of the Mediterranean only. It may be premature to say that the Battle of the Atlantic is finally won. But we can at least say that our life-line is more secure to-day than it has been at any time since the war began.

For the time being at all events, the U-boat is as definitely beaten as it was in 1918.

★ ★ ★

Pass to No. 3. Are Hitler's satellites in this autumn of 1943 a greater source of strength than the Kaiser's in the fatal autumn of 1918? Are they not indeed a greater source of weakness? Have they not become a liability rather than an asset?

It was the flight of Bulgaria that precluded the end in 1918. Will not the collapse of Italy prove an even more decisive landmark of this war?

There is not one of the satellites which is not looking for a way of escape from the deadly embrace of Hitler. Watch Hungary. Watch Rumania, Bulgaria, Finland, Croatia.

And apart from the satellite Powers, consider the gathering tempest waiting to explode in all the oppressed lands—from Norway to France, from Poland to Greece, Hitler is enveloped by enemies thirsting for the word to spring at his throat.

And he knows it. Every country he holds, he holds by arms. And the arms are in German hands. He can trust no other.

More drain upon his diminishing manpower.

In this respect Hitler is not better off than the Kaiser was in 1918. He is worse off—far worse off.

★ ★ ★

I come to the final comparison—the home front. In this case Hitler has certain advantages over the Kaiser in 1918. Germany is not starving as she was then. The plunder of Europe has kept the Germans fed.

And Himmler's reign of terror keeps them from murmuring aloud. If they are heard to criticise they are shot. Four have been shot in the last week. And Himmler proclaims the fact—"to encourage the others."

Finally, it may be said, Hitler has kept the war more remote from German soil than the Kaiser did. In a sense that is true. In fact, of course, it is untrue.

IN ESTABLISHING OUR DOMINION OF THE AIR WE HAVE CARRIED THE WAR INTO GERMANY AS IT HAS NEVER BEEN CARRIED SINCE THE TIME OF NAPOLEON.

Germany sees her fate written in the blaze of her cities from Hamburg to Berlin and from Cologne to Nuremburg.

While she thought the sacred soil of the Fatherland was immune to invasion she was content that the horrors should descend upon her innocent and unarmed neighbours. But now that the terror she designed for others has turned upon herself a sea of wrath is boiling up, against the criminals who have led her to ruin.

The lash of Himmler can hold that wrath in check for a time. But the moment will come when it can be kept under no longer. Then the home front will swallow up Hitlerism as it swallowed up Kaiserism in 1918.

We do not know how near that moment is. We did not know in September, 1918. It came suddenly then. It will come no less suddenly now.

The Eighth Army disembarks on Metropolitan Italy—which country will they march to next?

Heart of Oak 1805—1943

ONE R.A.F. bomber can never be imitated by the Germans. The Mosquito—the super-light, super-fast machine which can bomb Berlin pretty well any night, and with incredibly low losses.

For one thing, the Royal Navy stands in the way of their getting balsa wood, the lightest wood in the world, and with which the machine is covered.

Then the framework has to be of good old British oak, of which even we have all too little

Plenty of oak of sorts was found, when we searched for it.

But saboteurs of 100 years ago had "pollarded" it—lopped off its main members and stripped its bark so that it was useless for construction jobs.

Somebody said: "Look for Collingwood oaks. You'll find them mainly in the north and Midlands. Scores of thousands of them They'll see us through."

So we looked And now we've got all the good old British oak we want.

And, as with Balsa, it is the Royal Navy—in this case the Royal Navy of 150 years ago—we have to thank.

★ ★ ★

Admiral Lord Collingwood lived then.

He was a greater sailor than Nelson, although not as brilliant a tactician.

He was our Second-in-Command at Trafalgar. He it was who sailed through the enemy lines and cut the French and Spanish fleets in two.

When Nelson died in the hour of victory he took command.

A remarkable man, Collingwood.

He was against hanging sailors, and rope's-ending them, and all the other barbarities.

When men committed offences for which they could be sentenced to death he had them sent to him, turned them into good sailors.

The Royal Navy actually called him "Father Collingwood."

If anything made Collingwood really angry it was not so much a fiery and undisciplined sailor as a political and land-owning section which, as he saw it, might one day lose Britain her naval supremacy.

The politicians among them refused to undertake a scheme of afforestation that would assure the Royal Navy in future years the trees it wanted for our oak walls.

He cried out for such a scheme—but in vain.

"We've got nothing to fear," they said—which is just what they were saying more than a century later.

True, those were days when the Royal Navy had the right to take what oaks it liked.

But for that reason many landowners decided that if they grew any wood at all it would not be oak.

Or, if oak trees were already growing on their estates, "pollarded" them so that they would be no use for the building of men-o'-war.

★ ★ ★

So Admiral Collingwood, in the hundreds of letters he wrote to his wife between the great battles in which he took part, kept writing to her urging her to fight for oak trees.

He wrote desperate letters to the Admiralty—and to Nelson himself—to get leave.

And when he got it—very, very rarely—he would fill his pockets with acorns and go out setting them from dawn to dusk.

Sometimes he would plant a whole plantation. Sometimes just a row. If there were danger that a farmer might come along one day and want the land, he would plant them singly in the hedgerows.

But he planted them. Refused a national afforestation scheme he became a one-man afforestation scheme on his own.

He died at sea—was buried alongside the Nelson he loved in St. Paul's Cathedral.

But his oaks lived on.

"Look for Collingwood oaks," they said in 1942, when the need was desperate.

We did. And our needs were met.

MAURICE FAGENCE.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

DON'T SEEK GOLD IN SCOTLAND!

THERE'S gold in Scotland! Riches in the Borders! Another "Klondyke"—and in war time!

At least, so we are told by a remarkable person named J. Douglas Moffat.

Mr. Moffat, who lives at Edenhall, near Kelso, Roxburghshire, is the Supreme Optimist. And, judging by what I have discovered about him, he has been the Supreme Optimist from the days of his youth.

Recently, the following advertisement appeared to herald his claims:

"Diamonds and Gold—South Scotland. Authentic Record dated 1574. Area Located. Advertiser wishes co-operation."

Who, listening to the graphic stories Mr. Moffat tells, with visions of speedily acquired wealth and a life of ease and luxury, might not feel disposed to help him financially in the scheme he is now working on so ambitiously?

After all, if his claims are true, he knows more about gold mining than many famous gold miners.

Since he left his Tweedside home as a boy to find fame and fortune he has travelled all over the world, and tramped—in the burning search for gold—over parts of Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and California.

I do not know what success he met with abroad. But he is now confining his gold-finding operations to Scotland, where, he is convinced, the possibilities are great.

J. Douglas Moffat — the man who wants your money to look for gold

YOU'D SMILE

If an ordinary man in the street told you some of the graphic stories Mr. Moffat is at present expounding, you'd treat him with derision. But with Mr. Moffat it is different. He has a most pleasing way with him, and speaks in a forceful, convincing manner

The gold he is after, and seeks finances to obtain, is in the Valley of the Meggat. There, in the Glengaber Burn, a tributary on the left bank of the Meggat, alluvial gold workings were in operation in the reign of James V (1513), and traces of these ancient workings are still visible to Mr. Moffat's experienced eye.

This alluvial gold, argues Mr. Moffat, must have come from somewhere, and it is the central deposit—the Mother Vein—which he seeks to discover.

Research work has already convinced him that there is gold in large quantities in adjacent hills, where the wind and the rain, playing on the rocks in which the gold is hidden, oxidised pieces of it. These reached the ground and later found their way into the nearest downhill watercourses!

I am not going to say there is no gold in Scotland. Of course there is. But experts have said that the chance of finding it would be much more costly than it would be worth, even if it was ever located.

But Mr. Moffat is a strong believer in his own views, and does not know defeat. So he is going to lead a most thorough and exhaustive investigation in the districts named, with mining engineers and his own army of gold-diggers.

HEFTY PROFITS

That is why he is looking for a few people with money to sink in this great venture.

Mind, he doesn't want you to assume that the gold he will find will reach gigantic proportions. But he does affirm that there will be found a sufficient amount to realise "fairly hefty profits" for those who throw their lot in with his.

Well, in 1936 he was telling the same sort of story about tremendous quantities of gold lying dormant in the Siabod Mountain in North Wales. "We have found a golden mountain with a silver lining," he told supporters.

Statements were then made that there was enough gold in the Siabod Mountain to pay off the whole of England's National Debt at the time.

If £200,000 could be raised to exploit his discovery, not only would work be found for 2,000 men, but nearly £100,000,000 worth of gold and sixty times as much silver!

A company called the North Wales Gold, Ltd., was formed, with a nominal capital of £100,000 in 5s. shares.

The whole business proved to be a ghastly fiasco.

That's why people had better exercise greater caution than ever if they get in touch with him through one of his present alluring advertisements.

I happen to know that one man who has parted with money in his Scottish schemes is already far from pleased that he originally listened with such great enthusiasm to Mr. Moffat's engaging stories about "Gold in the Borders."

Isn't is common sense, too, that if there *was* gold in the Valley of the Meggat which could be profitably mined, some big, sound financial syndicate—possibly subsidised by the Government—would go after it, rather than leave it to Mr. J. Douglas Moffat, with his inglorious North Wales experiences?

Famous Racing Names Taken in Vain

IN these times more people than ever are finding well-earned recreation in racing—and that's why so-called "tipsters" are flourishing.

I say "so-called" purposely.

For there are of course, many highly respected tipsters who have specialised in obtaining genuine knowledge about the form of horses and dogs, and who earn a legitimate living by passing on information to their readers and clients.

But in racing and dog-racing circles to-day there has grown one of the biggest rackets ever known.

THE HORSE'S MOUTH

Many of the circulars and offers are so clearly bogus that it puzzles me how anyone outside an asylum could be impressed by them.

Yet people all over the country are being regularly duped, and colossal sums are made by racing exploiters.

Let me give a few instances of how some of them work.

One, described on his letter headings as "P. Donoghue.—The Man Everybody Knows," has lately been operating from Beaumont Street, London, W.1. To people who have never had correspondence with him previously, and who might quite naturally take it for granted that he is Pat Donoghue, Steve's well-known son, he has been addressing circulars headed "A Special communication to Sportsmen of 'Absolute' Integrity."

Pat Donoghue, famous jockey and trainer, is naturally indignant

I say at once that he is no relation to the famous Donoghue family, and has caused Pat much embarrassment by the use of a good name. He says, for instance:

"This is an offer no other 'Turf Informant' in the country would have the COURAGE to make, especially as it is accompanied by the PERSONAL Guarantee of someone who is greatly respected by EVERY ONE of the Racing Fraternity."

Briefly, he claims to have knowledge of a horse that cannot possibly lose a particular race, and offers to pass on the "wonderful news" for only £1.

Cunningly, he adds that should his advice fail, and the horse does not pass the post first, he will return more money than that invested with him.

He encloses what he calls "Your Undertaking and my Personal Guarantee," which each client has to send on with his pound, and which pledges "Donoghue's" undertaking to refund the original investment, plus five shillings for the client's "expenses," in the event of failure.

Could anything be more blatant?

Well, here is the experience of one reader. He sent £1. The horse lost. He wrote for his twenty-five shillings, as agreed.

Instead, "Donoghue" sent a *duplicated* circular regretting that the horse was dreadfully unlucky in running, and offering to continue the despatch of first-class information.

Admitting that he was £1 5s. in debt to the man, he added that his usual terms for a whole season were £35, but in the circumstances he would be willing to accept £3 for the rest of the year!

The fact that the letter was, as I say, duplicated, suggests that he has many other creditors.

Inquiries at the Beaumont Street address satisfy me that there is no one in residence there in the name of "P. Donoghue," but that a man named Kennedy has one room there, but only calls two or three times a week for letters.

Two other people, operating in much the same manner, are "B. Rickaby," of Queensway, London, W.2, and "G. Littlewood," of Dean Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1. But the famous people in the racing world who possess the same names know nothing of these ventures.

OTHER OFFENDERS

Three other apparent "Tipsters" about whom I have received inquiries, are given on their note-headings as G. Laurence, *The* "Job" Expert, of Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1;

Martin Faber, "The Most Inspired Turf Adviser of the Age," of New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1; and

J. Foster, "*The* Racing Expert," of Wilson Street, London, E.C.2.

At two of the addresses letters are only called for—and I find that a man named J. W. Moore is one and all three!

It's a great game, and a profitable one—for the "Tipsters." But the audacious camouflage should be stripped off.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. J. C. B. Noble, of Lupus Street, Westminster, S.W.1. has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Information for inquiry is welcomed about any suspected ramp or scandal. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, *93/4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

HUMAN MACHINE

No Need for Fooling

If you are very young, this is not for you—yet. But you will need to be reminded of it some day, so you might as well read it now!

We all want to beware one of life's greatest delusions, that whereas others grow old we remain for ever young. There was never a bigger nor a more dangerous fallacy. It is responsible for more unnecessary physical and mental strain, more irritation, more disappointments, and more heartaches than anything else.

It is not true of any one of us. It never was true of anyone. It never will be true of anyone.

But we can do a lot to maintain a youthful outlook, in the sense of making the best and most optimistic use of our powers, no matter at what stage of life's journey we may be at.

Are there ambitions you have failed to fulfil? Well, substitute some others, some more within your range. Have you failed to climb the distant mountains? Well, climb the nearer hills.

Increasing years bring with them the golden gift of discretion, the priceless asset of matured judgment. These, plus experience, have a compensating value that youth can never know.

CALL OF THE SEA

★ *His eyes were like Mike's, so the skipper was sympathetic towards the ragged boy's ambition to go to sea. On board the "Britomart" Tiddler was treated like a human being for the first time in his young life. In return, he saved Captain Pryde from brutal thieves*

Tiddler staves off a vicious attack on the unsuspecting Captain

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN MINUTE STORY By FRANK SHAW

THE *Britomart's* night-watchman was just drawing back his seaboot for a second kick when Captain Pryde shouted.

"Young varmint's skulkin' around—like an ashcat!" explained the watchman. "Lookin' to pinch summat, I bet." Captain Pryde stumped down the bridge ladder of his inconspicuous coaster. He could be as stern as Fate when necessary; but this time he grinned.

"Here, young 'un, come here," he invited; and the wharf-rat slunk closer, with terrified glances at Herbert, the watchman.

"I'm not a pincher," he sobbed. He was dirty and ragged, altogether insignificant, but his red-rimmed eyes were grey and straight staring. Good eyes, Pryde thought. "Like young Mike's," was his immediate comparison. But Mike had fallen from aloft and had died—Pryde blamed himself for insisting on his son's going foreign, to give him a better chance than his father ever had.

"What is it?" the skipper asked.

"Want to go to sea, sir; no place else to go." That wasn't precisely the truth, however. Tiddler Bates had been sent to the waterside to glean what oddments he could—on threat of savage penalties. He didn't intend to run foul of authority; but he knew that if he went back to the place he knew as home empty-handed the hide would be tanned from his bony back.

"Hungry?" he asked.

"Crikey, ain't I?" came back. The galley gave up luscious scents of coffee and sausages. The watchman, who had been asleep under the fo'c'sle, though he would be the last man to admit it, took a quick look round the cluttered decks.

"That there stan'ard binnacle cover, now!" he accused. The brass hood was missing. Detachable, it was the sort of easy loot river thieves usually looked for.

"I DIDN'T do it," protested Tiddler. He didn't whimper now—didn't even screw his unclean fists into his eyes. He looked pathetically at Pryde. He was more like Mike than ever: and Mike was always a truthful kid.

"Know who did it?" asked Pryde.

"Larky Sproggs, like as not." He wriggled. "And won't his gang rub it in s'pose he's nabbed along of me!"

"Follow me," ordered Pryde, and led the way below. The unshaven steward served breakfast.

Tiddler, when invited to a seat, gaped. "Along of you, sir?" he questioned. He certainly knew his place. Seated, he ate voraciously. He'd have fared better in his young life had he been more amenable to Dockland conventions. Full-fed, he started to clear the untidy table.

There really wasn't room for a boy aboard the *Britomart*. Pryde said so, filling his favourite pipe; he saw the young, perky face drop. Already, by dint of shrewd questioning, he had elicited a story; of tyranny, brutality, savagery by a conscienceless stepfather.

"I'd work, sir," he implored. "I ain't scared."

"I'll think it over," said Pryde gruffly. He had work to do ashore. The ship would sail with next morning's tide. He went across the gangway later without having made a declaration.

In the course of his duties, he cashed a considerable cheque at the bank, so that he could pay the crew; intending to do that in the evening, so that the men might have a last run ashore before sailing. He was completely unaware that Tiddler dogged his every footstep like a faithful dog. The boy kept discreetly out of sight; but he remarked every visit made by the skipper.

He saw two tough-looking men lounging about. He saw them, as Captain Pryde took a short cut down a noisome alley, suddenly close in, and hustle the seaman into a low doorway.

Tiddler, despite his youth, understood what that meant. He was wise for his years, and had lived hard ever since his mother married Tom Spig. Tiddler doubled into another doorway, sprinted up the stair, reached the roof.

Captain Pryde, a sturdy man, used to holding his own in most circumstances, resented the hustling; and, within the house, began to fight. It became a Number One sized fight. The toughs used such weapons as were available; but a broken chair had to suffice the coastwise man. He made good, shrewd play with it. It broke into slivers, but he found another, more solid, and got behind a table, where he was almost impregnable.

The inner room became a shambles. One tough was down for the count; the other was weakening. Pryde crept round the table to the door, intending quick triumphant flight; he found that doorway suddenly blocked by a horrific giant.

"'And over!" raged this one. He had a knife. Pryde was deciding the game was up when suddenly a small window by the squalid fireplace crashed into splinters.

"Hi, Mister—here!" yelped Tiddler. A man of quick action, Captain Pryde took advantage of opportunity. He hurled the solid chair at the knife-armed giant; and though it meant taking part of the window-frame with him, emerged into an unspeakable backyard.

"Up here!" shrilled Tiddler, leading the way to where the débris was stacked against the containing wall. Pryde just made it. He was dropping over the wall's far side as the frustrated giant yelled a torrent of profanity, and hurled the knife so that it slashed the clutching fingers.

"Which way now?" Pryde asked Tiddler. He was piloted into and out of a bewildering labyrinth; eventually they came to open streets and security. Pryde wiped his streaming face. "Lucky you showed up, my lad," he complimented.

He turned in at the nearest police station and reported; but having only the haziest idea of the terrible house's position, was unable to give details. Tiddler had disappeared as soon as safety was reached; he kept as wide of the law as was possible.

BUT when Captain Pryde returned aboard the *Britomart*, his money still intact, he found the river-boy hanging around the foot of the gangway. He instructed Mr. Drysdale, the mate, to report the loss of the binnacle-hood to the river-police, coupling that loss with the name of Larky Sproggs.

Then: "How come you happened to be so handy, young 'un?" he asked.

It had just happened so, said Tiddler. He did not confess that since the satisfying sausages he had vowed not to let his tanned, breezy benefactor out of his sight again.

He did not say that the evil house was his own home and the frustrated giant his tyrannical stepfather—not just then.

"One good turn deserves another," grunted Pryde. "Wait till I overhaul the slopchest." In it he found a shirt that roughly fitted the boy; also a pair of pants that could conveniently be cut down.

"I'd rather go to sea along of you, sir," said the boy, as the gifts were tendered. "You see, I daren't never go home no more. What with Larky getting nabbed, and whatnot." If his steady eyes had not been so like Mike's . . . Pryde thought that Mike might have behaved similarly under similar conditions. "I'll see what's to be done about it," he said gruffly.

What was done about it was that, after a satisfying supper of fish and chips, the *Britomart's* steward made up an extra bed on the Captain's settee. Tiddler turned in, full-fed, aware of promised security for the first time in years. He gave a curt review of his life during recent years, and here and there Captain Pryde winced. He knew evil existed, but the clean sea had brought him in touch with little *so* evil.

"And you kept honest?" he asked after a while.

"My mamma always said as such as didn't stop honest got hung; afore she died, that was, sir."

"I had a boy—once," he said. That meant a long talk about Mike, and the hopes attached to his dead son. In the course of it he dived into his pocket.

"NOW, drat it—it's lost, my pipe," he deplored. "I reckon it was shaken out of my pocket during that scrap up there! Uncommon fond of that pipe I was. . . !"

"Afore *we* sail, sir?" asked Tiddler.

"Boy, I'm inclined to try you out. You were game as my own boy'd have been. You come along a voyage or two; we'll see how you shape—see how my old woman cottons to you up at Tidemouth."

He instantly fell asleep. When the watchman called him at first dawn, he hopped from his bunk and pulled on his pants. Tiddler slept heavily on the settee, huddled into a shapeless lump under the blankets. On the table lay Captain Pryde's beloved pipe!

He suddenly choked, turned the light to shine on the boy. There was a deep gash across Tiddler's brow, still blood-wet. His new shirt was ripped to rags. He had, fearing unspeakable things, returned to the evil house to find the pipe.

"He'll do, by gum; oh, he'll do!" said Captain Pryde.

BLISSFUL IGNORANCE

LOOKING at my dog the other day it suddenly dawned on me that he doesn't know there's been a war on for four years.

He's heard a few bumps and bangs. No doubt he wonders sometimes where all those nice pre-war bones have got to. But he doesn't know there's a war on.

★ ★ ★

There's something to be said for not knowing.

A friend of mine thinks that this war is the last war there will ever be between nations, between men and men. He's got a theory that the next war will be between men and *ants*.

He's got papers with figures on them to show the alarming rate at which ants are multiplying all over the world. He says ants are mankind's next menace, that they will destroy our world

Until he went into his details an ant was just an ant to me. Now I can't look at one without loathing. Ants in the mass begin to put the wind up me.

And I curse my friend for giving me his theories.

I've started to look about. Up into the sky at night. Perhaps there's a terrible war on between Jupiter and Mars.

We don't know. But it doesn't mean to say that because we don't know it isn't so. My dog will never know that Hitler's a louse. Never. But Hitler is.

This hike of ours through history is sometimes described as a quest for knowledge. We don't know much. We're ignorant and foolish. But after looking at my dog and listening to my friend I begin to wonder if we're not bigger fools for trying to find out what we do try to find out.

I'm no happier for knowing about the ants. If it's true.

It seems to me you can know too much. As I have said, my dog would be no better off for knowing about Hitler. But the point is that he *is* better off for *not* knowing.

★ ★ ★

He hears the bumps and bangs. He's short in the bone department.

But I hear the bumps and bangs and I'm short in the bone department.

Knowing what I do about it, though, I don't laugh as much as he does.

And my friend who knows all about the ant menace never laughs at all.

So what?

A. G.

AIR EPICS OF THE ACES—No. 6. By ROY DONNE

Risking Death at Two Miles High

★ *Sergeant George Lenson walked out on twelve inches of greasy metal to release jammed bombs as the damaged Liberator soared dizzily to 14,000 ft. above the Atlantic, darkness adding to his peril.*

SERGEANT GEORGE THOMAS LENSON, D.F.M., belongs to that glorious company usually anonymously described as "one of the crew."

One of the thousands of unknowns, backbone of the R.A.F., whose daily hazardous exploits are so taken for granted that they are all too often hidden from publicity.

Yet twice on one classic sortie young Lenson, who left a peace time tool turner's room to graduate as a war time flight engineer, performed acts that rank him among the Knights Courageous of the Air.

Sergeant George Thomas Lenson, D.S.M., who walked the plank 14,000 feet up

850 Miles from Land

It was a nice October day . . . nice enough for the obscure sergeant and his comrades patrolling in their Liberator far out in the Atlantic to see a U-boat airing itself below.

Their captain, Flight-Lieutenant David M. Sleep, D.F.C., didn't think twice about making sure of a kill at all costs.

He dived so low to do it that the blast from the bomb that hit the prey played havoc with the hunter, too.

That they were 850 miles from land mattered less than having a fat U-boat in the bag. Nobody stopped to wonder whether they'd be sharing the mess supper that evening.

Still less to imagine that from that moment onward for long hours they'd be the actors in an epic of the air war at sea. They'd no time.

The bomb-blast gave their ship an awful punch under the chin, turning her nose straight upward and rocketing her for 300 ft. into an almost vertical climb.

It felt as if her back would break in two and she'd topple into the sea as they strove to regain control and turn her nose down again.

"Push!" yelled the captain to Second Pilot Patton as both of them forced hands and knees against the control columns.

Dinghies Lost

By the time they'd, with the sheer weight of their bodies, reduced the angle of climb as they soared still higher, tail-gunner Johnson was shouting over the inter-com. the first news of the damage:

"Elevators gone, sir! Turret jammed, so that I can't get out!"

He also conveyed the somewhat startling information that their two dinghies were blown away like bits of paper when the blast from the explosion came up and debris whirled around them in all directions.

Poor be-jammed Johnson could only be left to do his best to release himself from the turret.

Captain and second pilot were still throwing their weight against the damaged controls to prevent the aircraft from going on climbing; and every other man of the seven aboard had his hands full.

Lenson was vainly battling to repair a burst hydraulic pipe-line. The wireless operator was tapping out SOS messages. Others were throwing overboard everything movable to lighten the load and assist the pilots in regaining control.

Closer scrutiny showed that most of the elevators—something like sixty square feet of surface and chief cause of their troubles—had gone west.

The fuselage was holed in many places, and oil from broken pipes was running all over the place. The electrical system, partly wrecked, started playing tricks; suddenly the heating fans went into action though the switches were off.

As the captain surveyed the destruction he couldn't, despite the serious situation, resist a chuckle at his luck that the four engines seemed to be the only vital parts still working normally.

Eight hundred and fifty miles to go! Nothing below but water! Dinghies gone with the wind!

He required a pretty cool nerve to turn his next thoughts not homeward but to the spot where they attacked the submarine.

It had disappeared. All that could be seen was a thick column of blue smoke rising for hundreds of feet above the sea—a sort of tombstone, he hoped.

With a whoop of jubilation, the tail-gunner suddenly wrested himself free from his prison in the turret.

He tried at once to jettison even that, but it wouldn't budge, and he had to be content with getting rid of his ammunition and any other heavy equipment he could lay hands on.

As course was set for home (and the certainty of a crash-landing) the captain's next concern were two unexpended bombs still snug in the racks.

Bomb-doors were opened, but the bombs wouldn't go: the section of the electrical system that normally released them was smashed. Somehow they'd to be released by hand.

This was young Lenson's job.

"Bombs Gone, Sir!"

In manhandling them to get them away he'd to balance himself on the cat-walk. It was only a foot wide and slippery at that: it was flooded with escaping oil.

With the bomb-doors open, his task was made all the dizzier by the sight of nothing but the cat-walk between him and the sea ten thousand feet below.

Like the oil, the erratic behaviour of the ship, which every moment threatened to become uncontrollable, did not help to steady his foothold.

So he removed his boots and socks. His bare feet gave him a better grip on the greasy twelve inches of metal between him and the two-mile drop into the Atlantic.

He tried hard not to look beyond the bomb-racks, but he couldn't help noticing that darkness was coming on and he clawed the cat-walk with his toes a little tighter.

To make things safer for him as well as to ease the strain on themselves, the captain and second pilot lashed the control columns forward to the instrument panel as they were forced backward all the time the ship continued her insatiable desire to climb.

Even this could not prevent it from soaring to 14,000 ft. before young Lenson had accomplished his job.

Ninety minutes is a long time when you are fearing a false movement may send you slipping down through space to certain death.

All that time Lenson worked with his hands to set those bombs free and so add to the chances of escape of all aboard if and when they reached home and were faced with a night crash-landing.

But he freed them. And no man ever reported more gladly to his captain nor with a richer sense of humour after so grim an ordeal . . . "Bombs gone, sir!"

That was Morale with a capital M.

The captain found every member of his crew shared the same spirit when, the long 850 miles at last lapped up and their airfield below, all chose taking their chance with their ship to baling-out.

Never had a night seemed darker, except for the friendly flares offering a glimmering guidance.

First round of the aerodrome—too high. Second round—skimming the boundary at 140 m.p.h., and then it happened. . . .

Something in the controls snapped; the columns flopped back uselessly against the pilots' bodies. The tough old ship was out of control.

Bang she went into a landing light, slithered round and round on her belly, smashed bits off herself, spat out a tongue of flame from under her, and became uncannily silent before a roaring fire engulfed her.

Returned Safely

Seconds before then two men had been thrown clear through the escape hatch. Others scrambled out—all except Lenson of the Cat-Walk and navigator Sergeant Rose.

The captain climbed on top of the burning wreck to look for them. . . .

And there was Lenson hauling Rose through the hatch to safety!

So "One of the crew" had, like many another, shown himself worthy to be numbered among the aces.

An unpromising citizen—the spoilt, and so often, only child

ADOLESCENT TANTRUMS

EDUCATIONISTS are continually talking about the importance of character-building in school-days, but the main foundations of character are laid during the first two years of life. Home influences are stronger than those of any school. The following letter illustrates what I mean:

A friend of mine buried his wife recently, says the writer, and his great loss has almost broken his heart. Her death was due, he tells me, to the behaviour of her only child, now a boy of fourteen. This lad demanded his own way in everything, and if he failed to get it he lay on his back in the street and absolutely refused to move. He has to be carried indoors kicking like a madman.

The father has never punished him, but it looks to me that a sound thrashing is what that boy needs. The father is one of the kindest of men, but he is now at his wits' end to know what to do with such a son. What would you advocate, Humanist?

That lad is doing now what a great many infants do at the age of two years. Unluckily for him he found that it paid him, so he continues the practice. If he had been taught in the beginning that lying on the ground and kicking was a waste of effort he would have dropped it. The father is suffering for a mistake of twelve years ago

Most fathers would have given the boy a sound "tanning" years before, but I don't favour the idea of physical punishment. If he had been completely ignored and left to "stew in his own juice" he would soon have learnt the lesson that tantrums don't get him anywhere.

A boy of fourteen must have had about ten years of schooling. Has the father had a talk to the schoolmaster? I guess he would find that the boy behaved quite well in school, reserving his fits of mad behaviour for home only.

THE father is not the type of man to handle him. I recommend sending him to a clinic for problem children and following the advice given there. Failing that, I think a year or two on a training ship would be a good idea—if the authorities would accept him.

A mother is worried by her boy aged six. He is very sensitive, she writes, and a real mamma's boy, but there is nothing soft or babyish about him. He and his young sister have been going to a nursery school. The girl liked it immensely, but Donald complained of ear-ache and went off his food. He was really ill.

I had to stop work until he was better, but as soon as I started going back to work he started being ill again. The doctor said he was fretting. Every time I mention going back to work he is sick, and his ear begins aching.

The last time he was so ill that his grandma was frightened. I knew what the trouble was and put him to bed, telling him that I wouldn't go to work. After that he was as right as anything!

Now, Mr. Humanist, I don't know what to do. I love my kiddies, but I can't get the little extras I need when I am not working. Apart from that I do really like going to work. Do you think I ought to be firm and let him see that I mean it? Or shall I just give up and not bother any more?

Being ill is another infantile method of getting one's own way, and some people carry it on throughout life. I don't mean that the boy is acting or shamming: but there is nothing organically wrong with him. Subconsciously he knows that this is the way to keep his mother at home. The subconscious mind has a tremendous influence on the body. A great many illnesses have their origin there.

IF the mother continues to give way the boy will make her a prisoner in her own home. This is another case for the clinic, where a psychologist will examine the boy and offer expert advice. A talk with the head of the nursery school would also be a good idea; it is a familiar problem to all who have the handling of young children.

A great deal of nonsense is talked about children, writes another man, **and I think it comes from having smaller families. I come of a large family where discipline was the order of the day. If we made trouble we were soundly spanked and that was the end of it.**

I have been thrashed scores of times and am all the better for it. The whole tendency to-day is to be soft and sentimental about children, and if it continues we shall have a race of milksops.

The answer is "No." The writer says he is "all the better" for being thrashed, but how does he know? Can he prove it? It may have made him not "tough" but callous and intolerant.

Are the boys to-day milksops? Are the young men in the Navy, the Army and the Air Force lacking in courage and other manly virtues? The worst of too much thrashing is that it destroys self-confidence and initiative, and we need those qualities both for the winning of the war and for the making of a good world afterwards.

Those who are responsible for bringing children into the world ought at least to make life happy for them.

THE BRUNT BEARERS

SOME folk always seem to dodge things,
they wear the smirker's grin.
They're glad to slink from duty's
path, and seek but to cheat and win.
They laugh at the humble brunt bearers
and consider them poor, small fry; they
live on the fat of the land and don't
care whether others go down or die.

THEY slip slyly through life's openings,
they ride over folk by and large,
they avoid the common payments of life,
and their debts they never discharge.
Their vision is warped and selfish, they
tug opportunity's sleeve, they scheme to
live in ease all the while, and they
neither strive nor achieve.

BUT life has no use for these short cuts,
her tracks are arduous, long and
deep. Life means work for the common
good of all and God's trust which we're
meant to keep. And those who demand
the lion's share, and are devourers at
life's feast, have naught to commend
them as human beings, and lack the
dignity of the beast.

SO you'll find in the end it's the brunt
bearers whose hands are steeped in
life's grain. For they are life's rightful
harvesters, for they've worked and toiled
in life's rain. And blessed are all the
brunt bearers, for their lifted faces shine
in the golden sun of duty, and the smile
of heaven divine.—J. M.

★ *If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)*

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VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Reader's Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

WHAT is it like to be inside a tank during battle? Here is the answer from L./Cpl. A. Barr, R.T.C., serving in the Middle East, to his mother at Wreford, Wooton Courtenay, Somerset:

Somehow, when going into action I felt secure within the tank's thick skin, and the thought of something coming through and hitting us did not occur to me until afterwards.

Any way, you have no time to think of what may or may not happen. As a loader in a tank, it is your duty to keep that insatiable gun fed with ammunition. To do this on a busy morning is a full-time job.

The loader is perched on a revolving platform that traverses with the gun, and there are complications in the heat of battle when the tank lurches about unexpectedly.

Add to these little troubles a wireless set on which may come at any moment a vitally important message to change the whole course of the battle.

Hits, provided that they do not come from a very powerful gun, are surprisingly unfrightening.

Above the roar of the tank's engine you don't hear the smaller hits, but you feel and see them.

Substantial hits manifest themselves in sparks, ugly looking but harmless. There is a thud and a sudden smack of air as if someone had spat at you. Machine-gun bullets sound almost friendly, pattering on the outside like rather spiteful rain.

The moment comes for our tank to open fire. There is a roar of the engines as the driver changes gear to give the gunner a steadier ride; the voice of the tank commander coming through the headphones says, "Fire." Then follow battle noises which beggar description.

Perhaps the worst moment is afterwards, when you get out to see what damage has been done to your tank. You see where the bits have been shot off; the size of the holes in her steel skin, and her battered appearance generally.

And you think of what a wonderful job the people in the factories and workshops at home have done in building a tank that stands up to all this.

Phew! It's good to get a breath of air after a few hours in a tank

HE HUSTLED

Now serving with the P.A.I. Force, S./Sgt. C. A. Blow, Royal Engineers, has travelled thousands of miles, and writes home about it to his wife at St. George's Square, Hythe, Kent:

After three weeks' training in Egypt we went up to Palestine for ten days, followed by a 900-mile truck journey across the desert. What a trip! Six days on bully beef and biscuits and very little water.

Then we had three weeks at Baghdad, and then on to the Persian Gulf, where we had a big job to do with 3,500 men employed.

Later I was asked to go to Russia for three months. . . . I went to Astrakhan and later down to the Caspian Sea, where we had excellent swimming.

Next, I was lent to the Polish Government to build camps for the refugees from Russia. At one place we built a convalescent home for orphans, in five days and nights! And it had accommodation for 5,000 children.

It was a record job for speed. Had you seen those poor kids arrive it would have brought tears to your eyes. It was a tragic procession which brought a lump to one's throat.

BIG GAME

Men of the R.A.F. training in Rhodesia have a little time for touring. Sgt. K. Hobson writes to his family at Pembroke Avenue, Balby, Doncaster:

Our first stop after Buluwayo was a little place called Dett. It consists of a railway line, a fence and an hotel, where we had supper.

The engine-driver of our train came in and asked how long we should be over our meal, just so that he would know when to get the steam up again for our departure—not to hurry us!

Can you imagine a train waiting while we completed our meal at leisure?

Next day we got to the Falls and marvelled at the beauty of the cascades of water, cataracts and gorges, and just to finish the scene there five rainbows formed in the spray from the falling waters.

So, on to Livingstone, where we had a good five days' leave. We toured a wild game preserve, and I managed to take pictures of giraffe, zebra, antelopes and a wart-hog, all in the wild. We do see life!

HE'S SEEN IT

One famous slogan certainly applies to L./Cpl. W. G. Saint, R.A.S.C., a Londoner now serving in China. He writes to a friend at Bedfont Lane, Feltham, Middlesex:

I left home to join the Army and see the world, and I have certainly seen some slices of it.

I had to fly to this place, Keinming, in China. It was a good trip, and I flew in a civil aircraft, which was very comfortable, but I found it rather cold at 20,000 ft.

Keinming is a pleasant spot about 6,000 ft. above sea-level, and the price of almost everything is also very high. Practically all supplies have to come by air, which means scarcity and dearness.

Soap costs 35 dollars a tablet, razor-blades 15 dollars each, toothpaste 210 dollars a tube, and, worse still, beer is 300 dollars a bottle, so you will not be surprised to know that I have joined the "Band of Hope."

However, we could be much worse off, and in many worse places than this. Tell Dennis that I do not have to carry a rifle about with me these days; I have joined the revolver brigade, and it's a lot easier.

COLOURFUL ORIENT

Travel in India has its thrills, as A.C./H. J. Smith, R.A.F., found when he went on leave. He writes to a friend at Prince Alfred Road, Wavertree, Liverpool:—

We loaded our luggage on to a bus which seemed likely to collapse at any minute, but beneath the bonnet was a powerful engine.

So we set off on a road that had been cut out of the solid rock of the mountainside. It was a hair-raising journey with the mountain like a wall on one side and a sheer drop on the other.

After much tooting and the taking of hairpin bends in the mountain road on two wheels, we arrived at this place which, with its green shrubs, trees and grass, is a delight after the sun-scorched and dusty plains below.

The rest camp is on a hill, and we are encircled by an amphitheatre of higher hills, on which are built palaces, temples, houses and shrines. All very impressive, but I would sooner be sitting on your doorstep!

EASY COOKING

Eggs fried in the sun! That's the story of L.A.C. E. F. Abbs, R.A.F., serving with the P.A.I. Forces, in a letter to his mother at Heward Street, Ipswich:

Phew! It's hot in these parts, with a temperature of 122 degrees in the shade. Yesterday one of the chaps tried an experiment. He put some fat in his billy-can, broke an egg in it, and put it out in the sun.

Much to everyone's surprise, it was cooked in a few minutes—so were we!

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

A 'BUS conductor was sent to prison for three months for stealing £2, while a businessman was fined £500 for making £2,000 dishonestly. Is this justice?—"N. C.," Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

Two young men aged twenty-one and twenty-two have served seven years' apprenticeship in constructional engineering. Unemployed for many weeks past, they have volunteered for work in the shipyards—but nothing happens. What about it, Mr. Bevin?—"Puzzled," Daubhill, Bolton.

★ ★ ★

An ex-Serviceman, I have been unemployed for sixteen weeks. Recommended for work at two factories, I have been turned down—"No men needed." Why conscript women when men are available?—"Taffy," Bridgend, Glam.

★ ★ ★

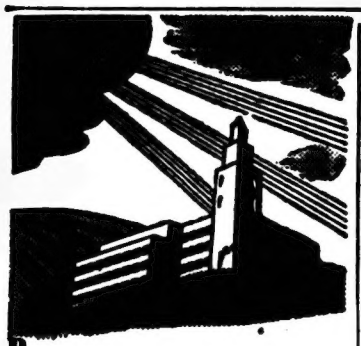
Old age pensioners suffer because allowances cannot be drawn before Friday. Food is often snapped up before they can get to the shops. Why not make pensions available on any day of the week and avoid those Friday queues?—"Old Lame Dog," Richmond, Surrey.

★ ★ ★

If even a local authority refuses a returned ex-Serviceman his old job during the war, what hopes are there for the boys returning to their jobs *after* the war?—"Exempted," Scunthorpe.

★ ★ ★

Huge stacks of paper are rotting in the grounds of a paper mill near here. Is this part of the "Save Paper" campaign?—"Boy Scout," Oxford.



POST-WAR PROSPERITY— THE TRUE FOUNDATION

MOST of us are thinking a good deal about the sort of world we are going to have after the war. We have made up our minds that it has got to be a better world.

One of our best hopes for the future lies in the splendid state of the country's health under the stress and strain of war.

Generally, the health of the people is sounder than it was in pre-war days. 'Milk of Magnesia' has done its bit in helping the worker and the fighter to stay on the job. By stopping small digestive troubles becoming big ones, it has saved the country many thousands of working hours.

And so also in the Peace to come, 'Milk of Magnesia' will be playing its part in keeping us well. We all want prosperity and to secure it we have got to be fit. Remember, health counts most.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia

HE USES

CHERRY BLOSSOM

whistling while it works wonders

USE SPARINGLY— SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED

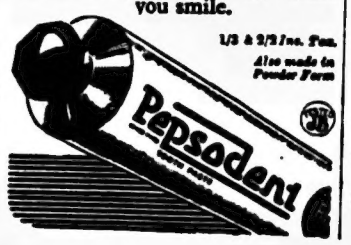
Do you look lovely when you smile?

the answer's on the tip of your tongue

Make the Tongue Test. If, when you run the tip of your tongue over your teeth, you feel a filmy coating, you need Irium — the super-cleanser in Pepsodent. Irium flushes away film, polishes teeth brilliantly . . . makes sure you'll always look lovely when you smile.

1/3 & 2/3 Inc. Tax.

Also made in Powder Form



Aberdale enthusiast

THE POLICEMAN RIDES A CYCLE

Precision Built by

ABERDALE

THE HALL MARK OF QUALITY

Since 1

LAST LAUGH

H. K. (Tottenham).—"A bundle of old music that I was clearing out for salvage was nibbled right through by mice." You should try it over on your pianola.

Mrs. H. (London).—"I provided afternoon tea for an important official of the Ministry of Food the other day." One spoonful for each person and an extra one for the big pot?

L. N. (Liverpool).—"A ship's steward once employed on a German liner recalls the occasion when Goering had to give up his cabin because another passenger had booked the accommodation." The Field-Marshal has been debunked many times since.

D. N. S. (Rochester).—"I have been helping to organise a book drive and hadn't realised till now what a great number of authors there are." Especially those who seem to write exclusively for salvage.

VARIETY ARTIST (Balham).—"I always sleep better in Herts than in Bucks." Most people rest better in Beds.

F. M (Bude).—"The war has meant a lot of extra work for chiropodists." Even Italy's foot seems to be giving her a lot of trouble just now.

Miss T. N. (Willesden).—"By a clever piece of cunning, the assistant was passing the gloves to the shoplifter to wear. However, they were both found out." Caught working hand-in-glove, so to speak.

Miss K. V. (Sutton).—"My boy friend's story just goes on and on and on." That's no end of a tale!

Mrs. T. N. (Lewisham).—"My little boy didn't make a murmur when he swallowed the sovereigns; in fact, he behaved very well indeed." In other words, he was as good as gold.

F. P. (Newbury).—"My pal didn't like it when fellow-employees jokingly stuffed a children's picture paper into his mouth." Although in reality it was only a comic gag!

H. M. (Grendon).—"Do you realise that it is the bald men of to-day who are winning the war for us?" A "Wigs for Victory" campaign seems to be indicated.

F. M. (Truro).—"A knowing dog never forgets a trick." We seem to have played bridge with one or two knowing dogs in our time.

Bob (Chudleigh).—"Though I only live in a cottage I have thousands working for me." Bees?

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Well, all night I was so bad I almost thought about a negotiated Peace. Then the doctor give me that medicine, and I'm back at unconditional surrender again"

Side-Slips

EDINBURGH EVENING DESPATCH:—"The twelve-a-side cricket match at Myreside this afternoon in aid of the Red Cross ATTACKED a goodly number of spectators."

SOUTHERN ECHO:—"The Air Ministry and Ministry of Home Security state that during darkness there was nothing to DEPORT."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Combe Martin. People slept in hammocks in ORCHIDS."

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN:—". . . with people verging on RESOLUTION . . . crowds thronged the streets. . . ."

DAILY DISPATCH:—"Small farms, mainly in hilly districts, should be devoted to rearing high-quality VALVES for milk. . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● "I have only done twelve months' work since my discharge from the Army, and am now in a bad way financially, as I have several pressing debts to meet," writes Robert Batchelor.

He was discharged with pulmonary tuberculosis and duodenal ulcers. His disability pension is £2 5s. 3d. weekly, out of which he tries to keep his wife and four young children. Rent and insurance take 13s. As his wife is unable to feed the baby, special food and milk cost 8s. 2d. weekly. Small wonder that this man has several pressing debts.

It is only in sheer desperation that he has appealed for charity. The vicar of the parish confirms all the statements made.

We know we shall not appeal in vain to kind-hearted readers to help this family. Donations earmarked "Dieppe," or for our General Fund, should be posted to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

No deductions are made, all administrative expenses being gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £100—'BULLETS' 1,391

G. G. Starkey, 34, Lomond Road, Hull, for this "Bullet":—

HOPE WE DON'T FORGET "HURT," FORGETTING HATE.

£10: E. Hurst, Flat 6, Collingwood House, Front St., N. Shields.
My Wife And Mother-in-law—"Gestapo" Making Me "Goebbels"!

£5: W. Brundrick, 5, Hillside Rd., Southport
Covered With Dust—But No "Cobwebs," Monty.

£4: R. Ingram, 162, Kings Rd., Cardiff.
A Mouthful—For Ansonsor, Stalin's "Plums."

£3: Mrs. Jones, 96, Renshaw St., Hulme, Manchester.
Hope We Don't—"Fall Out" After "Hall!"

£2: C. H. Simms, 39, Surrey Rd., Reading.
Covered With Weals—But "Holding Whip-hand," Russia.

DOUBLED FIRST For "BULLETS" ON NEXT PAGE

6 PRIZES OF £1: W. H. Dormer, 35, Dovehouse Fields, Uckfield.
Tattered And Torn—Need "Fabric"—Neat Work!

R. A. Fryer, 114, Argyll Ave., Luton.
Used To Croak—Whip—Hitler's "Somersaulting" Now!

R. Giles, Greenway, Little Bushey Lane, Bushey Heath.
Man Who Gets There—Doesn't Whine—Things Hum.

Mrs. E. Greensill, 28, Knights Rd., Tyseley, Birmingham.
First Of The Four—"Cleared" Skies We're "Filling"

G. Hollingbery, 19, Prestbury Cr., Woodmancote, Banstead.
If Grandma's Called Up—Another Boadicea—In Bath-chair!

J. H. Parr, 23, Copston Grove, Birmingham.
Third In The Night—Snatched *Mirror* From *Gild.*

A list of 20 winners of 10s. can be seen at these offices; 1,250 Merit Awards have also been posted.

£100 WON OUTRIGHT

IN XWORD 243

WINNING WORDS: 1. Villa. 2. Chair. 3. Post. 4. Sun. 5. Mont. 6. Chill. 7. Staff. 8. Warded. 9. Sherp. 10. Cost. 11. Ball. 12. Mob. 13. Drama. 14. Wormy.

WINNER OF £100:
PTE. G. E. JOHNSON, SOMEWHERE-IN-BRITAIN.
Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 13 entrants.

Biscuits in the Battle

WE all know that in these days the grocer can't supply all the biscuits we would like. But he's doing his best. So is the manufacturer. He is collaborating with the Government in saving raw materials, labour, transport and shipping, all of which means that fewer biscuits are being produced. At the same time, the needs of the services must be met and this increasing demand explains the present shortage of supplies available for the civilian front.

Biscuits, which include rusks, wafers and crispbreads, are distributed as fairly as possible throughout the country, but there are not now sufficient for the distributor to maintain a constant stock. So when supplies are difficult, will you remember that biscuits are in the battle.

Issued by the Cake and Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd.

CVS—67

I was in terrible pain with RHEUMATISM

Two tablets of Phensic bring magic relief

"Rheumatism was my trouble," writes R.S., *"the pain I suffered was terrible. I was recommended to take Phensic and it has not only put me on my feet —I can now do my work."* Experience the wonderful pick-me-up effect of this grand tonic pain-relieving tablet. Get some Phensic now! 1/4 and 3/3 including Purchase Tax.

Phensic

DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

£150 for John Bull's ENTERTAINING XWORD!

First Prize for this week's Xword, £100 Cash .... Awards value £25 between Runners-up

£25 CASH BONUS

REMEMBER that EXTRA £25—ENTER NEXT WEEK TOO!

Xword No. 343 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES — Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3d	3d	3d
1 THAT OF ESCAPED CONVICT CAN LEAD TO HIS RECAPTURE	TRAI			
2 YOU ARE LESS ABLE TO RESIST COLD WHEN TIRED IS POOR	F RE			
3 IF TO BE USED, NEEDS WATER	FO T			
4 EVERYBODY HAS EXPERIENCED ITS STIMULATING EFFECT	TEA			
5 POVERTY CAN GIVE A MAN AN UNPLEASANT ONE	KI K			
6 MAY LEAVE MARK THAT TAKES LONG TIME TO WEAR OFF	SCAR			
7 DRAMA LOSES MUCH IN EFFECTIVENESS IF ITS CONSTRUCTION IS	MUS Y			
8 DEFINITE STEPS CAN BE TAKEN WHEN ONE'S HOME IS THREATENED BY	LI N			
9 HIGHER SLOPES OF HIGH MOUNTAINS ARE WHERE TO LOOK FOR	FIR			
10 ARE SOMETIMES USED IN CERTAIN KINDS OF FIELDS	STIL S			
11 BRILLIANT SCHOLAR WILL PROBABLY EXCEL IN, THESE SUBJECTS IN EXAM	ET			
12 SPORTSMAN MAY BE WORRIED WHEN HE MISSES	BRAC			
13 IS COMMONLY TOUCHED UP TO INCREASE SALES	FA E			
14 IT'S NATURAL FOR HANDS TO DO THIS ON SOME JOBS	CHA			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette" dated Oct. 16.

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, OCT. 4.

Signed .....

Address .....

347

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest, or one share of extra £25, allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross "& Co.", write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4. Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest to appear in "John Bull" date Oct. 23, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible

DOUBLED 1st PRIZE THIS WEEK!

WIN £100 BULLETS CASH for 22 or 4 WORDS

1281 OTHER AWARDS £10 £5 £4 £3 £2

6 of 30/- 20 of 10/-

1250 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Oct. 15.

ITALY'S FALLEN, BUT
ALL MEN
SHOWS THINGS ARE MOVING
ON THE DEFENSIVE
WHEN THE END'S NEAR
SIGNAL OF SURRENDER
WE UNDERSTAND
FOR PITY'S SAKE
GROWING MORE
FOR THE MINES

BULLETS 1,391 RESULT appears on page 14

WINTER'S COMING, SO
DAD'S AMBITION
STRAINING EVERY NERVE
FAMILY DOCTOR
EXPECTED SHORTLY
JUST A FEW WORDS
OUR RELATIONS
LET THE CAT OUT
TO SUCCEED
AUNTIE'S BICYCLE

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated *by dotted line*, then make your 'Bullets" as usual.

TRIBUTE TO.....
LESSON IN.....
BACK TO THE.....
TO MAKE THINGS.....
MAN TO .....
WITH ONE EYE ON.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bulletin" Bulletin dated Oct. 16. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

Closing Postmark, Monday, Oct. 4

1,395

Signed .....

Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,395 or Xword No. 347, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Think in-STEAD

Those sudden stabbing pains in the stomach which make you afraid of mealtimes—you need never suffer them again! 'Bisurated' Magnesia brings swift relief by neutralising the excess stomach acid which causes the pain. Thousands of sufferers are now eating what they like and enjoying their meals—thanks to 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Why don't *you* try it? Get some from your chemist today. Prices, including purchase tax, 7d. to 2/10.

KEEP up your energy and strength—so you can do your war job well—by taking half a wine-glass of Vironita three times a day. This great health builder stimulates the appetite, restores your vitality and induces sound sleep. Vironita will make your life brighter.

All Chemists and Stores, 5/3 & 3/3.

H. Galtherpe and Co., Ltd., Mfg. Chemists, Ossett.

Non-alcoholic. Suitable for children and adults.

3 half wineglasses a day do the trick!

WHAT HAS CONSTIPATION TO DO WITH "A LIVER"?

Why is it that Beecham's Pills are so good for liverish men and women? Why does this perfect laxative also remove bilious sick headaches and prevent digestive upsets? The reason is, of course, that

90% OF DAILY ILLS ARE DUE TO CONSTIPATION!

Even if you are only mildly constipated it is still true that your whole digestive system is held up—the normal progress of half digested food is stopped and you pay the penalty: liverishness, sick headaches, general out-of-sorts. Make it your Golden Rule therefore to take Beecham's Pills. They are gentle, natural, effective, reliable.

Take Beecham's Pills

1/4 & 2/3 (incl. Purch. Tax) Also in Pennyworths.

Worth a guinea a box

Make a real job of it

Slam your money into National Savings good and hard. 500 15/- Certificates is your first goal; then kick off for 250 £1 Certificates. Line up every penny you can spare and keep it at it. That's the way to send your total up.

Score the maximum in SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

500 15/-

15/- CERTIFICATES become worth 20/6 in 10 years, equal to interest of £3.3.5 per cent. per annum free of Income Tax. Obtainable at any Post Office or Bank, or through your local Savings Group. Can be cashed at any time by giving a few days' notice.

250 £1

£1 CERTIFICATES become worth £1.3.0 in 10 years, equal to interest of £1.8.2 per cent. per annum free of Income Tax. Obtainable at any Post Office or Bank, or through your local Savings Group. After the first ninety days from the date of purchase they may be encashed at a few days' notice.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

SMOKERS' 'FUR'

HOW TO DETECT IT— HOW TO PREVENT IT

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it... a rough woolly feeling? Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only tooth-paste containing it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Get a tube now and clean your teeth with it. Then you'll feel the difference. 1/1d. and 1/10½d. Sold Everywhere.

RETURN EMPTY TUBES TO THE CHEMIST

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock

Maximum Controlled Price 8½d. per roll

By enrolling your dog or cat on the Narpac Animal Register you safeguard them against certain *everyday* risks as well as the hazards of wartime. Here are the benefits. STREET ACCIDENTS: Narpac pay Veterinary fees incurred. LOSS OR STRAYING: Narpac arrange for safe return of pet. AIR RAIDS: Narpac activities include rescue of all animals, free housing and treatment, evacuation to new home—for which services Narpac has Government recognition and support.

Remember, registration is a *permanent* safeguard—and 1/- a year is all it costs. Enrol your dog or cat now.

NARPAC ANIMAL REGISTER

POST THIS

to the Narpac Animal Register, Bond Street House, Clifford Street, London, W.1, or hand it to your nearest Narpac Depot.

I enclose.....shillings as Annual Subscription. Please send Identity Disc(s) for .....dog(s).....cat(s). Subscription: 1/- a year (stamps or postal order) for each animal.

NAME (Mr., Mrs., Miss).....
IN CAPITALS PLEASE

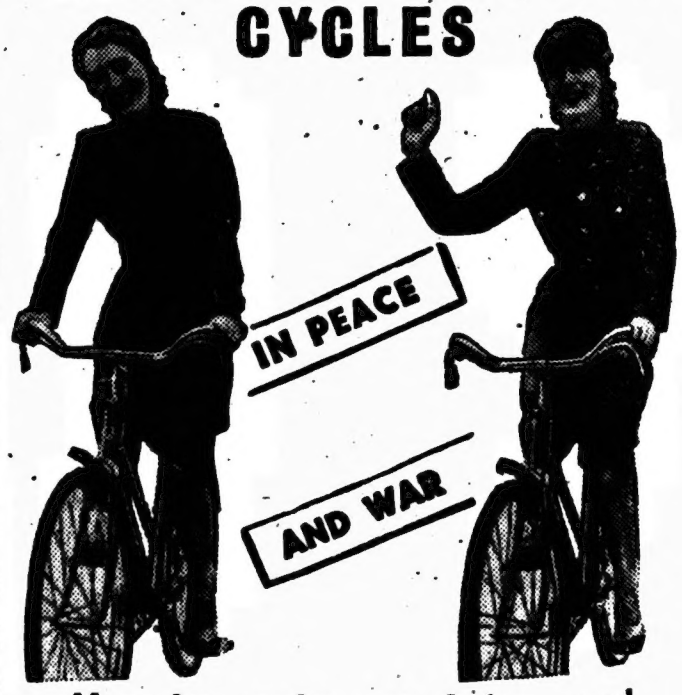
ADDRESS.....

.....

J.B.

Issued by the National A.R.P. for Animals Committee; registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

HERCULES CYCLES



Hercules cycles are being used by the Army, R.A.F. and Women's Auxiliary Services.

The Hercules Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd. . . . Aston. . . Birmingham 968

Please give an EXTRA PENNY a week to the Penny-a-Week Fund

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